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No. XCVI.
FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

THE
HEIR AT LAW.

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK.

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FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA

THE

HEIR AT LAW.

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

(Burton's Theatre, Sept. 2, 1852.)

<i>Taylor</i>	Lord Duberly, alias Daniel Dowlas,	-	Mr. Johnston
<i>Build</i>	Dick Dowlas,	-	C. Fisher
<i>Archer</i>	Dr. Pangloss, L. L. D. and A. S. S,	-	Burton
<i>Effort</i>	Mr. Stedfast,	-	Russell
<i>Taylor</i>	Henry Morland,	-	Levere
<i>Build</i>	Zekiel Homespun,	-	L. Thompson
<i>Archer</i>	Kenrick,	- Norton. John, <i>Burton</i>	Gourley
<i>Effort</i>	Waiter at the Inn,	-	Parsloe
<i>Taylor</i>	Lady Duberly, alias Deborah Dowlas,	-	Mrs. Hughes
<i>Build</i>	Caroline Dormer,	-	Mrs. Fisher
<i>Archer</i>	Cicely Homespun,	-	Mrs. Skerrett

COSTUME.

DANIEL DOWLAS:—Green coat, richly embroidered; flowered waist coat, silver buttonholes; salmon-colored breeches; white silk stockings; shoes; paste buckles; lace ruffles; cornered hat, &c.

DICK DOWLAS:—Green coat; white waistcoat; light breeches white silk stockings; dress shoes.

HENRY MORLAND:—Black frock coat; white waistcoat; black pantaloons; black silk stockings, pumps and hat.

STEDFAST:—Dark plain suit; boots, hat and cane.

DOCTOR PANGLOSS:—Black velvet coat, with glass buttons; black cloth breeches; silk stockings; shoes and buckles; small cane ruffles; three cornered hat.

ZEKIEL HOMESPUN:—Black coat; buff waistcoat; buckskin breeches; striped stockings, laced boots.

KENRICK:—Grey (old man's) coat; plain waistcoat; green baize breeches; brown stockings; shoes; old man's round hat.

WAITERS:—Plain blue coat; yellow waistcoat and breeches; white stockings and shoes.

LADY DUBERLY:—White satin petticoat; lace apron; loose pink satin gown, ornamented, short sleeves; old-fashioned head-dress high-heeled shoes.

CAROLINE DORMER:—Dark satin body, and leno petticoat, trimmed with black lace.

CICELY HOMESPUN:—Slate-colored dress, neatly trimmed with black; straw or chip hat, with black ribbon; striped stockings and black shoes; small black handkerchief round her neck.

RELATIVE POSITIONS

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*
F. *the Flat*; D. F. *Door in Flat*.

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REMARKS.

Of all the plays written by George Colman, the younger, there is not one, that is seen with greater pleasure or affords more amusement to an audience, than the *Heir at Law*. The characters of Dr Pangloss, Lord and Lady Duberly, Zekiel Homespun, and Cicely, are drawn with a truth and fidelity to nature, not to be surpassed. The manly feeling of the honest countryman, whose ploughman's fist is ready at all hazards to vindicate the wrongs of his sister, but in the next moment, receives to his heart that repentant friend whose head, turned by sudden good fortune, had dared to attempt his sister's honor, makes Zekiel Homespun a pattern of an honest farmer, whom all admire, while they despise Dick Dowlas, the Lawyer's Clerk, and the Chandler's Son, for his attempt to ape the libertinism of nobility. Then the unsophisticated innocence of Cicely, whose love is not to be shaken, but whose principles of virtue are equally strong—and proof against all the false allurements of wealth and fashion, unaided by the true pledge of Love, the *Wedding Ring*, carries with her throughout the play the sympathy as well as admiration of the audience.

The ridiculous attempt of the uneducated shopman to mend his "*kakolology*," by the purchase of a whole library of books, written "by one Tome," is a source of great amusement; while his *Lady* wife too plays a most essential part in the "*dramatis personæ*." The Pedagogue and Tutor the L. L. D. and A double S, whose only ambition is to receive his pay—doubly—trebly—for allowing

REMARKS.

all parties to do as they please, so that he be allowed to pocket "just nine hundred pounds a year," although not to be met in real life—is a most humorous acquaintance upon the stage—and his apt quotations prove the classical knowledge of the author. Dr Pangloss, is the pivot on which revolves all the fun of the play, and the ludicrous positions in which he is placed, cause the sides of the audience to ache with laughter.

These five parts afford scope for the display of the highest comic talent, the style of each being so different that the actors can be seen to the best advantage—this alone always makes the *Heir at Law* an acceptable play.

It is to be regretted that mawkish sentimental comedy was the fashion of the Stage, when this play was written, forcing the author to make success certain, to introduce the very insipid underplot in which Henry Moreland, Stedfast, Kenrick, and Caroline Dormer are introduced, they form an episode necessary only to bring back the heir of the deceased peer, and thus complete the "denouement"—this portion of the play as now acted, has been judiciously curtailed, but the little left is tiresome.

F. C. W.

THE
HEIR AT LAW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Lord DUBERLY'S House.*

Lord and Lady DUBERLY discovered at breakfast.

Lord D. But what does it matter, my lady, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or a saucer?

Lady D. A great deal in the polite circles, my lord. We have been raised, by a strange freak of fortune, from nothing, as a body may say; and—

Lord D. Nothing! as reputable a trade as any in all Gosport. You hold a merchant as cheap as if he trotted about with all his property in a pack, like a pedlar.

Lady D. A merchant, indeed! curious merchandize you dealt in, truly!

Lord D. A large assortment of articles: coal, cloth, herrings, linen, candles, eggs, sugar, treacle, tea, bacon, and brick-dust; with many more, too tedious to mention, in this here advertisement.

Lady D. Well, praise the bridge that carried you over, but you must now drop the tradesman, and learn life. Consider, by the strangest accident, you have been raised to neither more nor less than a peer of the realm.

Lord D. Oh! 'twas the strangest accident, my lady, that ever happened on the face of the universal yearth.

Lady D. True, 'twas indeed a windfall; and you must now walk, talk, eat and drink, as becomes your station. 'Tis befit a nobleman should behave as sich, and know summut of breeding.

Lord D. Well, but I ha'nt been a nobleman more nor a week; and my throat isn't noble enough yet to be proof against scalding. Hand over the milk, my lady.

Lady D. Hand over! ah! what's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, my lord.

Lord D. Pshaw! here's a fuss, indeed! when I was plain Daniel Dowlass, of Gosport, I was reckoned as cute a dab at discourse as any in town. Nobody found fault with me then.

Lady D. But, why so loud? I declare the servants will hear.

Lord D. Hear! and what will they hear but what they know? our story a secret! lord help you! tell 'em queen Anne's dead, my lady. Don't everybody know old Duberly was supposed to die without any *hair* to his estate—a s the doctors say, of an implication of disorders; and that his son Henry Morland, was lost, some time ago, in the salt sea?

Lady D. Well, there's no occasion to—

Lord D. Don't everybody know that lawyer Ferret, of Furnival's Inn, owed the legatees a grudge, and popped a bit of an advertisement into the news!—"whereas the heir at law if there be any reviving, of the late baron Duberly, will apply—so and so—he'll hear of summut greatly to his advantage."

Lady D. But why bawl it to the—

Lord D. Did'nt he hunt me out, to prove my title? and lug me from the counter to clap me into a coach? a house here in Hanover Square, and an estate in the country, worth fifteen thousand per annum? why, bless you, my

lady, every little black devil, with a soot bag, cries it about the streets, as often as he says sweep.

Lady D. 'Tis a pity but my lord had left you some manners with his money.

Lord D. He ! what my cousin twenty thousand times removed ? he must have left them by word of mouth. Never spoke to him but once in all my born life—upon an electioneering matter : that's a time when most of your proud folks make no bones of tippling with a tallow-chandler, in his back room, on a melting day ; but he !—except calling me cousin, and buying a lot of damaged huckaback, to cut into kitchen towels, he was as cold, and as stiff as he is now, though he has been dead and buried these nine months, rot him !

Lady D. There again now ! rot him !

Lord D. Why, blood and thunder ! what is a man to say when he wants to consecrate his old stiff-rumped relations ?
[rings the bell.]

Lady D. Why, an oath now and then may slip in, to garnish genteel conversation : but then it should be done with an air to one's equals, and with a kind of careless condescension to menials.

Lord D. Should it ? well then—here, John !

Enter JOHN, R.

My good man, take away the tea, and be damn'd to you.

John. Yes, my lord.

[Exit, R.]

Lady D. And now, my lord, I must leave you for the concerns of the day. We elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat.

Lord D. Yes, we elegant people find the trade of the *tone*, as they call it, plaguy fatiguing. What, you are for the *wis a wis* this morning ? much good may it do you, my lady. Damme it makes me sit stuck up, and squeezed like a bear in a bathing tub.

Lady D. I have a hundred places to call at. Folks are so civil since we came to take possession ! there's dear Lady Littlefigure, Lord Sponge, Mrs. Holdbank, Lady Betty Pillory, the Hon. Mrs. Cheatwell, and—

Lord D. Aye, aye : you may always find plenty in this here town to be civil to fifteen thousand a year, my lady.

Lady D. Well, there's no learning you a life. I'm sure they are as kind and friendly! the supper Lady Betty gave to us, and a hundred friends, must have cost her fifty good pounds, if it cost a brass farden; and she does the same thing I'm told three times a week. If she isn't monstrous rich, I wonder, for my part, how she can afford it.

Lord D. Why, ecod, my lady, that would have puzzled me too, if they hadn't hooked me into a damn'd game of cocking and punting I think they call it, where I lost as much in half a hour as would keep her and her company in fricasees and whip sullibubs for a fortnight. But I may be even with her same o' these a'ternoons. Only let me catch her at Put; that's all.

Enter JOHN L.

John. Doctor Pangloss is below, my lord.

Lord D. Odds bobs, my lady! that's the man as learns me to talk English.

Lady D. Hush! consider— [pointing to John.

Lord D. Hum! I forgot—curse me, my honest follow, shew him up stairs, d'ye here. (*exit John, L.*) There, was that easy?

Lady D. Tolerable.

Lord D. Well, now, get along, my lady; the Doctor and I must be snug.

Lady D. Then I bid you good morning, my lord. As lady Betty says, I wish you a *bon repos*. [*Exit, R.*

Lord D. A *bon repos*! I don't know how it is, but the women are more cuter at these here matters, nor the men. My wife, as every body may see, is as genteel already as if she had been born a duchess. This Doctor Pangloss will do me a deal of good in the way of fashioning my discourse So here he is.

Enter PANGLOSS, L.

Doctor, good morning—I wish you a *bon repos*! take a chair, doctor.

Pang. Pardon me, my lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary; I wish, with permission, "*erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*."—Ovid. Hem!

Lord D. Tollory vultures! I suppose that *that* means you had rather stand?

Pang. Eye, this is a locomotive morning with me. Just hurried, my lord, from the society of arts; whence, I may say, "I have borne my blushing honors thick upon me."—Shakspeare. Hem!

Lord D. And what has put your honors to the blush this morning, doctor?

Pang. To the blush! a ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning—he, he, he! hem! you shall hear, my lord, "lend me your ears." Shakspeare again. Hem! 'tis not unknown to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen, long since conferred upon me the dignity of L. L. D.; and, as I never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say they dubb'd me with a degree from sheer considerations of my celebrity.

Lord D. True.

Pang. For nothing, my lord, but my own innate modesty, could suppose that Scotch college to be swayed by one pound fifteen shillings and three pence three farthings, paid on receiving my diploma as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned head of that seminary.

Lord D. Oh, damn it, no, it wasn't for the matter of money.

Pang. I do not think it was altogether the "*auri sacra fumes*."—Virgil. Hem! but this very day, my lord, at eleven o'clock, A. M., the society of arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits, he, he, he! my merits, my lord—have admitted me as an unworthy member; and I have henceforward, the privilege of adding to my name the honorable title of *A double S*.

Lord D. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have richly deserved it. I warrant a man doesn't get *A double S* tack'd to his name for nothing.

Pang. Decidedly not, my lord. Yes, I am now *artium societatis socius*. My two last publications did that business. "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*." Horace. Hem!

Lord D. And what might them there two books be about, doctor?

Pang. The first, my lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep, by an infusion of opium into their ears, the efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's chapel,

while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

Lord D. I wonder it wa'nt hit upon before, by the doctors.

Pang. Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. He, he, he! "to die—to sleep; no more." Shakspeare. Hem! my second treatise was a proposal for erecting dove-houses, on a principle tending to increase the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm, has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion. "*Nec gemere cessabit turtur.*" Virgil. Hem! I am about to publish a third edition, by subscription. May I have the honor to pop your lordship down among the pigeons?

Lord D. Aye, aye; down with me, doctor.

Pang. My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. What may be your lordship's spon-sorial and patronymic appellations? [*taking out his pocket-book.*]

Lord D. My what?

Pang. I mean, my lord, the designations given to you by your lordship's godfathers, and parents.

Lord D. Oh! what, my christian and surname? I was baptized Daniel.

Pang. "*Abolens baptismate labem.*" I forgot where—no matter—hem! the right honorable Daniel— [*writing.*]

Lord D. Dowlas.

Pang. (*writing*) Dowlas—"filthy Dow!" hem! Shakspeare. The right honorable Daniel Dowlas, baron Duberly. And now, my lord, to your lesson for the day. [*They sit.*]

Lord D. Now for it, doctor.

Pang. The process which we are now upon, is to eradicate that blemish in your lordship's language, which the learned denominate *cacology*, and which the vulgar call *slip-slop*.

Lord D. I'm afraid, doctor, my *cakelology*, will give you a tolerable tight job on't.

Pang. "*Nil desperandum.*" Horace, hem! we'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on; when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?

Lord D. At a concert.

Pang. Umph! *tete a tete* with lady Duberly, I presume.

Lord D. *Tete a tete* with five hundred people, hearing of music.

Pang. Oh! I conceive: your lordship would say a concert. Mark the distinction: a *concert*, my lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony. Now a *consort* is a wife: little conducive to harmony in the present day; and seldom visited by a man of fashion, unless she happens to be his friend's or his neighbor's.

Lord D. A devil of a difference, indeed! between you and I, doctor, (now my lady's out of hearing) a wife is the devil.

Pang. He, he, he! there are plenty of Jobs in the world, my lord.

Lord D. And a damned sight of Jezebels, too, doctor. But patience, as you say—for I never gives my lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in her tantrums, and talks high, I always sits mumchance.

Pang. "So spake our mother Eve and Adam heard." Milton. Hem! (*they rise*) silence is most secure, my lord, in these cases; for if once your lordship opened your mouth, 'tis twenty to one but bad language would follow.

Lord D. Oh, that's a sure thing; and I never liked to disperse the women.

Pang. As perse.

Lord D. Humph! there's another stumble! after all, doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

Pang. Your knowledge, of our native, or *vernacular* language, my lord, time and industry may meliorate. *Vermicular* is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, but in the case of puppies who want to be worm'd.

Lord D. Ecod, then I an't so much out, doctor. I've met plenty of puppies since I came to town, whose tongues are so troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service. But, doctor, I've a bit of a proposal to make to you, concerning my own family.

Pang. Disclose, my lord.

Lord D. Why, you must know, I expect my son, Dicky, in town this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you would

but mend this cakelology, mayhap it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

Pang. I smell a pupil; (*aside*) whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come?

Lord D. You shall hear all about it. You know, doctor, though I'm of good family distraction—

Pang. Ex.

Lord D. Though I'm of a good family extraction, 'twas but t'other day I kept a shop at Gosport.

Pang. The rumor has reached me. "*Fama volat viresque.*"

Lord D. Don't put me out.

Pang. Virgil. Hem! proceed.

Lord D. A tradesman, you know, must mind the main chance; so when Dick began to grow as big as a porpus, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, close to the devil's—humph! close to the peak—to take Dick 'prentice at half-price. He's just now out of his time; and I warrant him, as wild and as rough as a rock; now, if you, doctor, if you would but take him in hand and soften him a bit—

Pang. Pray, my lord—"to soften rocks." Congreve. Hem! pray, my lord, what profession may the honorable Mr. Dowlas have followed?

Lord D. Who? Dick? he has served his clerkship to an attorney, at Castleton.

Pang. An attorney! gentlemen of his profession, my lord, are very difficult to soften.

Lord D. Yes, but the pay may make it worth while. I'm told that Lord Spindle gives his eldest son, Master Drumstick's tutorer, three hundred a year, and, besides learning his pupil he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs and children. Now, if three hundred a year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't begrudge it you.

Pang. Three hundred a year! say no more, my lord. L.L. D. A. double S, and three hundred a year! I accept the office. "*Verbum sat.*" Horace. Hem! I'll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Suds—put my wardrobe into a--no, I've got it all on, and--(*going.*)

✓ *Lord D.* Hold, hold! not so hasty, doctor, I must first send you for Dick, to the Blue Boar.

Pang. The honorable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue Boar.

✓ *Lord D.* Aye, in Holborn. As I an't fond of telling people good news before hand, for fear they may be baulked, Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

Pang. Three hundred a year!

"I've often wished that I had, clear
For life—six" no; three—
———"Three hundred."

✓ *Lord D.* I wrote him just before I left Gosport, to tell him to meet me in London with—

Pang. Three hundred pounds a year! Swift—Hem!

Lord D. With all speed upon business, d'ye mind me.

Pang. Dr. Pangloss, with an income of!—no lap-dogs, my lord?

Lord D. Nay, but listen, doctor; and as I didn't know where old Ferret was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue Boar this morning, by the stage-coach. Why, you don't hear what I'm talking about, doctor.

Pang. Oh, perfectly, my lord—three hundred—Blue Boars—in a stage coach!

✓ *Lord D.* Well, step into my room, doctor, and I'll give you a letter which you shall carry to the inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

Pang. Skin! jump! zounds, I'm ready to jump out of mine! I follow your lordship—oh, doctor Pangloss, where is your philosophy, now! I attend you, my lord. "*Equamemento.*" Horace. *Servare mentem*—hem! bless me, I'm all in a fluster, L.I.. D. A. double S., and three hundred a—I attend your lordship.

SCENE II.—*A room in Blue Boar Hill, Holborn.*

Enter WAITER, showing in ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, and CROEL HOMESPUN; ZEKIEL carrying a portmanteau, L.

Wait. This way, if you please, sir.

Zek. So here we be at last, in London, at the—what be your sign, young man?

Wait. The Blue Boar, one of the oldest houses in Holburn.

Zek. Oldest! why, as you do say, young man, it do seem in a tumble downish kind of a condition, indeed!

Wait. Shall I put your portmanteau on the table, sir?

[*offering to take it.*]

Zek. (*jerking it from him.*) No, but you don't though. I ha' heard o' the tricks o' London, though I ne'er sat foot in't afore. Master Blue Boar, you ha' gotten the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell ye.

Cicely. La, brother Zekiel, I dare say the young man is honest.

Zek. Haply he may be, Cicely; but the honest chaps o' this town, as I be told, do need a deal o' looking a'ter. Where can Dick Dowlas, now, be a loitering so long, in the yard?

Wait. The gentleman that came in the coach with you, sir?

Zek. Yes, yes; the gentleman wi' all his clothes in his hand, tied up in a little blue and white pocket handkerchief.

Wait. Shall I bid him come up, sir?

Zek. Aye, be so kind, will ye?

Wait. I shall, sir.

[*Exit, R.*]

Zek. I ha' nothing left but this portmanteau, and you Cicely: if I was to lose either of you, what would become of poor Zekiel Homespun?

Cicely. Dear, now! this was the cry all along upon the road. Don't be down-hearted, brother; there be plenty o' ways o' getting bread in London.

Zek. Oh, plenty, plenty! but many of the ways, they do say, be so foul, and the bread be so dirty, 'twould turn a nice stomach to eat on't.

Cicely. Well, I do declare, it seems a pure place! with a power of rich gentlefolks, for certain; for I saw No. 945 upon one of the coach doors as we came along; and no doubt, tthere be more of them still. I do so like it, Zekiel!

Zek. Don't ye now—don't ye, Cicely—pray don't be so merry: you scare me out o' my senses. Think what a

charge I have of ye, Cicely! father and mother dead—no kin to help us; both thrown o' top o' the wide world, to seek our fortunes, and only I to take care of ye. Indeed, indeed, I do love ye, Cicely! you would break your poor brother's heart if any harm was to befall you. You would not do that would you, Cicely?

Cicely. I, Zekiel! I wouldn't hurt a hair o' your head, if I was to be made my lord mayor's lady for it. You have been a kind brother to me, Zekiel; and if I have the luck to get at service first, I'd work my finger's to the bone to maintain you.

Zek. Buss me, Cicely. Odd rabbit, girl, I be only chicken-hearted on your account.

Cicely. Well, let us hope for the best, Zekiel. Poor father has followed mother to the cold grave, sure enough; and the squire, out of the spite he owed us, has turned us out of the Castleton farm; but;—

Zek. That were bad enough! though I could ha' stomach'd that—but damn him! (heaven forgive us) he spoke ill o' father's memory. I'd as big a mind to lick squire, as ever I had i' my life; and then, as you do say, to turn us adrift.

Cicely. But we are young and strong, brother Zekiel, and able to get our living.

Zek. Why that be true enough, Cicely.

Cicely. Well, then, come now, pluck up a spirit! be lightsome and jovial a bit, Zekiel, do now.

Zek. Well, I—I'll do my best. Dang if we had but a friend now.

Cicely. Why, haven't we?

Zek. None that I do know of, bating Dick Dowlas, who be come up wi' us in the Castleton coach.

Cicely. Well, brother, I'm sure he'd go through fire and water to serve us. He has told me so, Zekiel, fifty good times by the side of old Dobbin's pond, by moonlight.

Zek. Aye, I do know he ha' kept you company, Cicely, I told him, when father died, that I was agreeable to his having of you, provided matters got a little more smoothish with you.

Cicely. Did you? la, Zekiel!

Zek. Dick be an honest fellow.

Cicely. That he is, indeed, brother. *[eagerly.]*

Zek. I ha' known him now, seven good years, since first

he came to Castleton; and we ha' been for all the world like brothers. Dick be a little rantipolish, but as generous a lad—

[DICK DOWLAS, *singing and talking without*, L.

“Oh, London is a fine town,
A very famous city.”

Take care of my bundle, d'ye hear?

Enter DICK, *singing*.

“Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty.”

Well, shan't we have a bit of something to eat? just a snack, Zekiel, eh? here, you waiter!

Enter Waiter, *with a bundle*, L.

What, Cis, my girl? come, getsome cold beef, you. How dost do, after the journey? aye, cold beef, put down the bundle; mustard, vinegar, and all that, you know: Cis likes a relish.

Wait. Directly, sir. [Puts Dick's bundle down and *exit*, R. .

Dick. Aye, jump about, my tight fellow. Zounds, how the rumbling of the old coach keeps whirling in my head!

Zek. I do think, Dick, your head be always a little upon the whirling order.

Dick. If I hadn't got out to take the reins in hand now and then, I should have been as muzzy as a Methodist parson. Didn't I knock the tits along, nicely, Cis?

Cicely. Aye, indeed, Dick; except bumping us up against the turn-pike gates, we went as pure and pleasant.

Dick. Pshaw, that was an accident. Well, old Domino hasn't call'd for me here yet—can' think what the old boy wants with me in London; bad news, I'm afraid.

Cicely. No, don't you say so, Dick!

Zek. Hap what will, Dick, I'll stand by ye. I be as poor as Job, but—

Dick. Tip us your daddle, Zekiel; you've as tender a heart as ever got into the tough carcase of a Castleton farmer. Yes, the old boy's last letter but one told me that things were going on badly. Damn that chandler's shop!

bacon, eggs, coal, and candles, have laid him low. A bankruptcy, I warrant, and he is come up to town to white-wash.

Zek. And to consult wi' you, mayhap, as you be in the iaw, about the business.

Dick. Gad, then it will be like consulting most people in the law—he'll get nothing from me that's satisfactory. Old Latitat had as little business as I had inclination in the practice.

Zek. Well, but Dick, sure you can do somewhat in your calling. You can draw up a will, or a lease of a farm, now?

Dick. I can shoot a wild duck with any lawyer's clerk in the country. I can fling a bar—play at cricket—

Zek. That you can; I used to notch for you, you do know.

Dick. I can make a bowl of punch—

Zek. That you can: I used to drink it wi' you, you do know.

Dick. I can make love—

Cicely. That you can, Dick.

Dick. I can catch gudgeons—

Zek. Aye, aye, that be part o' your trade. Catching o' gudgeons be a lawyer's chiefest employment, they do say.

Dick. Well, now to business: here's a newspaper I picked up at the bar; there is something in it, I think, that will suit Cis. Read it.

Zek. (*reading*) "Wanted—a maid"—

Dick. That's a difficult thing to be found in London, I take it.

Zek. So far 'twill do for our Cicely.

Cicely. Yes: I'd better make haste and get the place for fear any thing should happen, you know.

Zek. Let's read it, Cicely.—"Wanted a maid-servant by a young lady"—

Cicely. Dear. a young lady!

Zek. "Who lives very retired at the west end of the town—must be clean in her person;"—Cicely be very clean.

Dick. As any lass in Derbyshire.*

Zek. "And good natured"—Cicely be as good natured a girl as ever—umph! well, let's see—"And willing to do what is required."

Cicely. Well, I am very willing, you know, Dick, an't I?

Dick. That you are, Cis. Kiss me.

Cicely. La, Dick, this will just do; I'm so pleased!

Zek. "If from the country the better." Rabbit it, Cicely; this be the very thing. Tol, de rol lol! "or if any farmer in difficulties, from a numerous family, wishes to put his daughter to a service,"—Oh, my poor old father! this be the thing—"she will meet with the tenderest care from the lady, who has herself known what it is to be unfortunate." Tol, de rol, lol! buss me, Cicely! hug me, Dick Dowlass? I shall provide for sister—the care next my very heart. Tol, de rol, lol! Rabbit it, I be ready to choke for joy!

Cicely. Dear, now! this is the rarest luck! live with a young lady! I shall be so great and grand——

Dick. And grow giddy with good fortune, and forget your poor friends, Cis.

Zek. No, no; Cicely be too good for that. Forget a poor friend! when such giddy folks do chance to get tumble, they may e'en thank themselves if nobody be ready to help 'em up.

Cicely. Now, I wouldn't have said such words to you, Dick. You know, so you do, if I was to be made a queen, it would be my pride, to share all my gold with brother and you.

Dick. My dear Cis! well, I'm sorry; faith I am; and if ever I, or my family, should come to fortune,—but pshaw!—damn it, my father keeps a chandler's shop, without custom.

Enter WAITER, R.

Wait. The cloth is laid for you in the other room, gentlemen; for you can't dine here.

Dick. Why so?

Wait. The church-wardens come to eat a great dinner here, once a month, for the good of the poor; this is their day.

Zek. That's as they do down wi' us: but I could never find out why stuffing a church-warden's guts was for the good of the poor o' the parish.

Dick. Nor I neither; unless he got a surfeit that carried him off. Come, Zekiel; you shall go presently after the lace; but let us refresh. What we eat will be for the

good of the poor, I'm certain. Cis, your arm. Take my bundle, you dog: (*to the Waiter*) and don't drop any thing out, for I've no linen to spare. Come Cis. [*Exeunt R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

CAROLINE DORMER, *discovered.*

Car. I wish Kenrick were come back. My last hope hangs upon the answer he will bring me. World, world! when affluence points the telescope, how closely does it attract thy venal inhabitants! how magnified are all their smiles! let poverty reverse the glass, far distant does it cast them from us, and the features of friendship are dwindled into nothing. I hear him coming.

Enter KENRICK.

Well, Kenrick, have you carried the letter?

Ken. Indeed, and I have, Miss Caroline.

Car. And what answer from my father's old friend, Kenrick?

Ken. Faith, now, your father's old friend, begging your pardon, answer'd like a big blackguard.

Car. Surely, Kenrick, he could not look surprised at my application?

Ken. Faith, he look'd for all the world as if he had swallow'd a bottle of vinegar. When I was his honor's (your poor deceased father's) butler, and help'd this dear old friend to good bumpers of Madeira, and be hang'd to him, he made clean another sort of a face of it.

Car. And has he sent no letter in answer?

Ken. Not a syllable at this present writing ; it was all by varbal word of dirty mouth.

Car. Insulting !

Ken. Give my compliments to Miss Caroline Dormer, says he, and tell her I'm sorry for her misfortunes : bless you, says I. But I cannot be of the smallest service to her. The devil fly away with you, thinks I.

Car. Did he assign no reason ?

Ken. Och ! to be sure, an ould skinflint doesn't always give you plenty of reasons for being hard-hearted ! 'tis fitting he should, Miss, because the case requires it ; but compassion is compassion ; and that's reason enough for showing it, in all conscience.

Car. But what said he, Kenrick ?

Ken. Her father, Mr. Dormer's bankruptcy, says he, has made a terrible deal of noise in the world. Aye, and a terrible deal of work too, says I ; for you know, Miss Caroline, my poor old master, rest his soul, was one of the biggest merchants in the city of London.

Car. True, Kenrick ; but died almost one of its poorest inhabitants.

Ken. That's what the ould fellow said. Her father has died so involved, says he, that no prudent man can concern himself for the daughter, or run the risk of meddling with his affairs. And so he ended, with his respects, and a parcel of palaver, to you ; and an offer of half-a-crown to your humble servant, as an ould acquaintance.

Car. And yet, had my father's prudence been of his complexion, I doubt, Kenrick, whether this man would now have half-a-crown to offer you.

Ken. Och ! now, if I had but minded to tell him that ! but I made the half-crown tell it him, as plain as it could speak ; for I threw it on the ould miser's table, with a great big whack ; and, by my soul, he never jump'd so high at two-and-six-pence before in all his beggarly born days.

Car. Then there is no hope from that quarter, Kenrick ?

Ken. No more hope than there is in a dead coach-horse.

Car. I would wish to be alone, Kenrick :—pray leave me.

Ken. Leave you ! and in grief, Miss Caroline !

Car. I would not have you, my good old man, a witness to my affliction.

Ken. What, and wasn't my poor, dear, departed wife, Judith, your own nurse, wet and dry, for many a good year? and isn't myself, Felix Kenrick, your own foster-father, that have dandled you in these ould arms when you were the size of a dumpling? and will I leave you to take on, after this fashion, all alone, by yourself? [*half crying.*]

Car. Pray, pray be silent, Kenrick!—oh nature! spite of the inequalities which birth or education have placed between thy children,—still, nature, with all thy softness, I own thee. The tear of an old and faithful servant, which bedews the ruins of his shelter, is an honest drop that penetrates the heart.

Ken. Aye, cry away, my poor Miss Caroline; cry away! I shared the sunshine of your family, and it is but fair that I should go halves in the ruin.

Car. A poor two hundred pounds, Kenrick, are now all that remain to me.

Ken. Well, come, two hundred pounds, now-a-days, are not to be sneezed at. Consider how consoling it is, my dear Miss, to think that, with good management, it may be a matter of two years before you are left without a penny in the whole wide world! and that's four-and-twenty calender months, you know.

Car. Had this hollow friend of my father's exerted himself in the wreck of our house's fortune, he might, probably, have averted the penury which threatens me.

Ken. Och! if I could but beat humanity into his heart, through his carcase, I'd make him as tender as a sucking pig.

Car. Lord Duberly's death, too, in the moment of my difficulties! in him I might still have found a protector.

Ken. Aye, and his brave son, too, the honorable Mr. Henry Morland, that was to have married you. Well, be of good heart now—for he's dead! the poor drown'd youth.

Car. Desist, Kenrick, I beseech you.

Ken. Aye, well now you are unhappy; but you see I'm after making you easy. Just as the two families had popp'd down the man of your heart for your husband, faith, he popp'd himself into his decent watery grave; and I am left,

the only tender friend you have in the world, to remind you of it.

Car. Remind me no more, Kenrick. Your intention is good, but this is torment to me instead of——

Zek. (*Speaking without.*) Above stairs! oh, very well ma'am,—thank you, ma'am.

Car. Hark! I hear somebody inquiring for me, on the stairs.

Ken. Now, that's the worst of these lodgings. Faith, the people come into your house before you have opened the door! [*A knock at the door of the room.*]

Car. Come in.

Enter ZEKIEL and CICELY HOMESPUN, R.

Have you any business with me, friend?

Zek. Why, yes, ma'am, it be a smallish bit of business, as a body may say.

Car. Well, young man?

Zek. Why, madam, I be come to—pray, if I may make so bold, isn't your name A. B.?

Car. Oh, I understand; you come in consequence of an advertisement. I believe you may leave us, Kenrick. It was I who advertised for a maid-servant.

Zek. And, with submission, madam, I be come to offer for the place.

Ken. This is the first time I ever saw a servant-maid in a pair of leather breeches, in all my life. [*Exit, R.*]

Car. You, honest friend, as a maid-servant?

Zek. Yes, for Cicely. Curt'sey, Cicely.

Cic. I do, brother Zekiel.

Zek. This be my sister, madam. We be newly come from Derbyshire; and lighting at the Blue Boar—the great in—in—Holborn—that—but, perhaps you may frequent it, madam.

Car. Well, friend?

Zek. Why we stumbled upon your notice in the news, madam; and so—and so here we be, madam.

Car. (*to Cicely*) Have you ever been in service before, child?

Cic. No, never, if you please, madam;—I was always with father, and minded the dairy.

Car. And why did you quit your father pray?

Cic. He died, if you please, madam. It was a sad day for brother and I. 'Tis a cruel thing, madam, to lose a good father.

Car. It is, indeed, child. I can well feel it.

Cic. And when he dies in distress, too, madam—

Car. Did *your* father die so, child?

Zek. All along o' that damned squire. Mother were gone long ago; and when children be left destitute, it be hard to find a friend to compassionate 'em.

Car. I—I will be that friend. My power is little—almost nothing—but, as far as it can go, you shall find protection.

Cic. Oh, the gracious!—what a pure lady!

Car. But can you refer me to any one for a character?

Zek. I ha' gotten a character in my pocket, madam, they tell me that be the way they do take most characters in London. Here be a certificate from parson Brock, of our parish. [Giving it.

Car. I see. What can you do to be useful, Cicely?

Cic. Oh, a power of things; I can churn and feed ducks; milk cows, and fatten a pig, madam.

Zek. Yes, yes—you will find Cicely handy enough, I warrant her.

Car. All this will be of little service in London.

Zek. Od rabbit it, madam, she will soon learn here to put her hand to anything. Won't you, Cicely?

Cic. If I don't, it shan't be for want of inclination to please you, my lady.

Car. Well, child, come in the evening, and you shall begin your service. We shall not disagree about wages: and you will be treated more like a humble friend than a servant. Kenrick! I shall only have yourself and a poor, faithful Irishman.

Zek. (*Aside.*) An Irishman! dang it, these Irishman, as I be told, be devils among the girls. My mind do mistake me; for Cicely be young and thoughtless.

Enter KENRICK, R.

Car. Show these good people down, Kenrick; and take this bill to Lombard-street.

Ken. I shall do that thing, Miss Caroline.

Zek. Oh! then this be the Irishman. He be a plaguy

old one, indeed ! come, there be nothing to fear about he.
(*Aside.*) A good day to you, madam. Curt'sey, Cicely.

Ken. Come, you two go first : for I must be after showing you the way, you know.

[*Exit, following ZEKIEL and CICELY, L.*

Cor. This simple girl's story approaches so near to me. Poor innocence ! mine is a sorry shelter in your wanderings : yet it may be warmer than one more splendid ; for opulence relieves, sometimes with coldness, sometimes with ostentation, sometimes with levity ; but sympathy kindles the brightest spark that shines on the altar of compassion ; and tenderness pours on it the sweetest balm that charity produces, when the afflicted administer to the afflicted.

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Blue Boar Inn.

Enter DR. PANGLOSS and WAITER, L.

Pang. Let the chariot turn about. Dr. Pangloss in a lord's chariot ! "*curra portabur eodem.*" Juvenal. Hem ! waiter !

Wait. Sir.

Pang. Have you any gentleman here, who arrived this morning ?

Wait. There's one in the house, now, sir.

Pang. Is he juvenile ?

Wait. No, sir, he's Derbyshire.

Pang. He, he, he ! of what appearance is the gentleman ?

Wait. Why, plaguy poor, sir.

Pang. "I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte." Chaucer. Hem ! denominated the honorable Mr. Dowlas ?

Wait. Honorable ! he left his name plain Dowlas at the bar, sir.

Pang. Plain Dowlas, did he ? that will do, "for all the rest is leather."

Wait. Leather, sir !

Pang. "And prunello." Pope. Hem ! tell Mr. Dowlas a gentleman requests the honor of an interview.

Wast. This is his room, sir. He is but just stepped into our parcel warehouse; he'll be with you directly.

[*Exit, R.*

Pang. Never before did honor and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Dr. Pangloss! Fortune, I thank thee! propitious goddess, I am grateful! I, thy favored child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker, in Milk Alley. Little did I think, "good easy man." Shakspeare. Hem! of the riches and literary dignities which now—

Enter DICK DOWLAS, R.

My pupil!

Dick. (*Speaking while entering.*) Well, where is the man that wants—oh! you are he, I suppose—

Pang. I *am* the man, young gentleman! "*homo sum.*" Terence. Hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you, is Peter Pangloss; to whose name, in the college of Aberdeen, is subjoined, L.L. D., signifying doctor of laws; to which has been recently added, the distinction of A double S; the Roman initials for a fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick. Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined, D. R., signifying debtor; to which are added L. S. D., the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

Pang. Ha! this youth was doubtless designed by destiny to move in the circles of fashion; for he is dipped in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

Dick. But what are your commands with me, doctor?

Pang. I have the honor, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you, from your father.

Dick. Then you have the honor to be an ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese in a chandler's shop.

Pang. Pardon me, if on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one, for the future. 'Twere better to keep that "*alta menta re postum.*" Virgil. Hem!

Dick. Why, what's the matter? any misfortune? broke, I fear.

Pang. No, not broke; but his name, as tis customary in these cases, has appear'd in the Gazette.

Dick. Not broke, but Gazetted! why, zounds and the devil!

Pang. Check your passions; learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum! threw a teapot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber When Plato—

Dick. Damn Plato! what of my father?

Pang. Don't damn Plato. The bees swarm'd round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled. "*Cum in unis apes in labellis consedissent.*" Cicero. Hem!

Dick. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart. Come, to the point.

Pang. In due time. But calm your choler. "*Iro furor brevis est.*" Horace. Hem! read this. [*gives a letter.*]

Dick. (*Snatches the letter, breaks it open and reads.*) "Dear Dick. This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same." Aye, that's the old beginning. "It was my lot, last week, to be made"—aye, a bankrupt, I suppose—"to be made a"—what? "to be made a P. E. A. R;" a pear! to be made a pear! what the devil does he mean by that?

Pang. A peer—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

Dick. A peer! what, my father! I'm electrified. Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer! but let me see—(*reads on*) "peer of the realm. Lawyer Ferret got me my title"—titt—oh, title! "and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann., by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without *hair*." 'Tis an odd reason, by the bye, to be next of kin to a nobleman, because he died bald.

Pang. His lordship means *heir*—heir to his estate. We shall meliorate his style speedily. "Reform it altogether." Shakspeare. Hem!

Dick. "I sent my carrot." Carrot!

Pang. He, he, he! *chariot* his lordship means.

Dick. "With Dr. Pangloss in it."

Pang. That's me.

Dick. "Respect him, for he's an L. L. D., and moreover an A double S." [they bow.

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that at my request.

Dick. "And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cakelology."

Pang. Cacology; from *Kakos*, *malus*, and *Δογος*, *var-bum*. Vide Lexicon. Hem!

Dick. "Come with the doctor to my house in Hanover Square." Hanover Square! "I remain your affectionate father, to command, Duberly."

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. Is it?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say *sir* to a lord's son. You have no more manners than a bear.

Pang. Bear! under favor young gentleman, I am the bear leader; being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence. Don't forget yourself in sudden success. "*Tecun habita*." Persius. Hem!

Dick. Prudence to a nobleman's son; with fifteen thousand a year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way; zounds! I'm wild: mad! you teach me, pooh! I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be made a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nut shell: sport a curriele—walk Bond street—play at Faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons—and there's a buck of the first fashion in town, for you. Dam'me d'ye think I don't know what's going?

Pang. Mercy on me. I shall have a very refractory pupil!

Dick. Not at all. We'll be hand and glove together, my little Doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Pang. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem.

Dick. I'll tell you what, doctor, I'll make you my long stop at cricket—you shall draw corks when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for

punch—cast up the reckoning—and wce betide you if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home, after a jolification!

Pang. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons! zounds! this is more fatiguing than walking out with the lap-dogs! and are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

Dick. To be sure they are. 'Tis the way that half the prig parsons, who educate us honorables, jump into fat livings.

Pang. 'Tis well, they jump into something fat, at last, for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the process.

Dick. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

Pang. Go and call! sir, sir! I'd have you to understand Mr. Dowlas—

Dick. Aye, let us understand one another, doctor. My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you for your management of me.

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

Dick. But 'tis I must manage you, doctor. Acknowledge this, and between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

Pang. Double my—

Dick. Do you hesitate? why, man, you have set up for a modern tutor without knowing your trade.

Pang. Double my pay! say no more—done "*actum est.*" Terence. Hem! Waiter! (*bawling,*) gad, I've reached the right reading at last—

"I've often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year—"

Swift. Hem! waiter!

Dick. That's right; tell him to pop my clothes and linen into the carriage; they are in that burdle.

Enter WAITER, R.

Pang. Waiter, here, put up the honorable Mr. Dowlas's clothes and linen into his father's, lord Duberly's chariot

Pang. Where are they all, sir?

Pang. All wrapped up in the honorable Mr. Dowlas's pocket-hardkerchief. [*Exit waiter, with bundle, L.*]

Dick. See 'em safe in, doctor, and I'll be with you directly.

Pang. I go, most worthy pupil. Six hundred pounds a year! however deficient in the classics, his knowledge of arithmetic is admirable.

“I've often wished that I had clear
For life——”

Dick. Nay, nay, don't be so slow.

Pang. Swift. Hem! I'm gone. [Exit, L.

Dick. What am I to do with Zekiel and Cis? when a poor man has grown great, his old acquaintance generally begin to be troublesome.

Enter ZEKIEL, R.

Zek. Well, I han't been long.

Dick. No, you are come time enough, in all conscience. [Coolly.

Zek. Cicely ha' gotten the place. I be e'en almost stark wild wi' joy. Such a good-natured young madam! why, you don't seem pleased, man! sure, and sure, you be glad of our good fortune, Dick.

Dick. Dick! what do you--oh! but he doesn't know yet, that I am a lord's son. I rejoice to hear of your success, friend Zekiel.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty. But, eh! why you look mortal heavy and lumpish, Dick. No bad tidings since we ha' been out, I hope.

Dick. Oh, no!

Zek. Eh! let's have a squint at you. Odd rabbit, but summut have happened. You ha' seen your father, and things ha' gone crossish. Who have been here, Dick?

Dick. Only a gentleman who had the honor of being deputed an ambassador from my father.

Zek. What a dickens, an ambassador! pish, now you be a queering a body. An ambassador, sent from an old chandler to Dick Dowlas, lawyer Latitat's clerk? come, that be a good one, fegs.

Dick. Dick Dowlas! and lawyer's clerk! sir, the gentleman came to inform me that my father, by being proved next of kin to the late lord, is now lord Duberly; by which means I am now the honorable Mr. Dowlas.

Zek. Odds flesh ! gi' us your fist, Dick ! I ne'er shook the fist of an honorable, afore, in all my born days. Old Daniel made a lord ! I be main glad to hear it. This be news, indeed ! but, Dick, I hope he ha' gotten some ready along wi' his title ! for a lord without money be but a foolish, wishy-washy kind of a thing a'ter all.

Dick. My father's estate is fifteen thousand a year.

Zek. Mercy on us ! you ha' ta'en away my breath.

Dick. Well, Zekiel, Cis and you shall hear from me soon.

Zek. Why, you ben't a going, Dick ?

Dick. I must pay my duty to his lordship ; his chariot waits for me, below. We have been some time acquainted, Zekiel, and you may depend upon my good offices.

Zek. You do seem a little flustrated with these tidings, Dick. I—I should be loth to think our kindness was a cooling.

Dick. Oh, no ! rely on my protection.

Zek. Why, look'ee, Dick Dowlas : as to protection, and all that, we ha' been old friends : and, if I should need it from you, it be no more nor my right to expect it, and your business to give it me : but Cicely ha' gotten a place, and I ha' hand and health to get a livelihood. Fortune, good or bad, tries the man, they do say ; and, if I should hap to be made a lord to-morrow, (as who can say what may betide, since they ha' made one out of an old chandler)—

Dick. Well, sir, and what then ?

Zek. Why, then, the finest feather in my lordship's cap would be, to show that there would be as much shame in slighting an old friend, because he be poor, as there be pleasure in owning him, when it be in our power to do him service.

Dick. You mistake me, Zekiel—I—I—'sdeath ! I'm quite confounded ! I'm trying to be as fashionable here, as my neighbors, but nature comes in, and knocks it all on the head. (*Aside.*) Zekiel, give me your hand.

Zek. Then, there be a hearty Castleton slap for you. The grasp of an honest man can't disgrace the hand of a Duke, Dick.

Dick. You've a kind soul, Zekiel, I regard you sincerely, I love Cicely, and—dam n it, I'm going too far now for a lord's

son. Pride and old friendship are now fighting in me, till I am almost bewildered. (*Aside.*) You shall hear from me in a few hours. Good-bye! Zekiel! good-bye! [*Exit.*]

Zek. I don't know what ails me, but I be almost ready to cry. Dick be a high-mettled youth, and this news ha' put him a little beside himself. I should make a bit of allowance. His heart, I do think, be in the right road; and when that be the cause, he be a hard judge that won't pardon an old friend's spirits, when they do carry him a little way out on't. [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Hotel.

Enter HENRY MORLAND, STEDFAST, and a Waiter, L.

Wait. These are the apartments, gentlemen.

Henry. They will do. Leave us.

Wait. Would you choose any refreshment, gentlemen? our hotel provides dinners.

Stea. No chattering: we have business. (*Exit waiter, R.*) Welcome, at last, Mr. Morland, to London. After wandering over foreign lands, with what joy an Englishman sets his foot on British ground! his heart swells with pleasure as he drives through his fat, native soil, which ruddy labor has cultivated, till he reaches this grand reservoir of opulence: an opulence which may well make him proud, for its honorable source is his countrymen's industry.

Henry. To you, Stedfast, who have no private fears--no anxieties for your family, the satisfaction must be exquisite.

Sted. Why, I am an old bachelor, 'tis true, and without relations; but the whole cuntry is my family, I could not

help thinking, as we posted to town, that each jolly peasant, and each cherry-checked lass, was a kind of humble brother and sister to me, and they called forth my affections accordingly. Rich or poor, great and small, we all form one chain, Henry. May the larger and lesser links hold kindly together, till time slides into eternity.

Henry. Truce to these reflections, now, my dear Stedfast; they do your heart honor; but mine is filled with a thousand apprehensions. My father, Caroline.

Sted. A father, and a mistress! duty and love—that's a slow fire, and a fierce blaze; and, doubt blowing the bellows upon 'em, 'tis enough to scorch a young soul to a cinder.

Henry. 'Tis strange I have never heard from either of them. After escaping the perils of shipwreck! after the sufferings which followed—a father, and a mistress soon to be made my wife, might, surely, have sent one line, to testify their pleasure at my preservation.

Sted. Aye, now make yourself miserable. A young mind is too soon sanguine and therefore too soon depressed.

Henry. Why, what can be the reason that they have never noticed my letters?

Sted. Umph! there is one reason, indeed, that—

Henry. You alarm me! what can that be?

Sted. That they have never received them.

Henry. Impossible!

Sted. Nothing more likely. Consider your last letter from Quebec told your father, lord Duberly, that you had arranged all the business which had called you there, and that, in three days, you should embark for England.

Henry. Well, *that* he never answered.

Sted. I can't tell, probably not. Most people think it somewhat superfluous to write to a correspondent at Quebec, after he has left the place.

Henry. Pshaw! I'm bewildered. But, *since*.

Sted. Why, since, the chances have been against you; wrecked on our passage—thrown upon the uninhabited part of the Island of Cape Breton—

Henry. I shall never think of it without horror; nor without gratitude, Stedfast. To your friendly care (strangers as we then were to each other,) on that frozen shore of desolation, I owe my life.

Sted. Pshaw! nonsense—we both met as fellow-passengers, and were fellow-sufferers! and I happened to be the toughest, that's all. To do as we would be done by, is merely a part of our duty. But there is so much fuss made about it, that I am afraid the duty is too often neglected. I suppose we shall soon have to thank our shoe-black for brushing our boots, though we reward him for his business.

Henry. Yet humanity, Stedfast——

Sted. Is every man's business; and the reward he will ultimately receive is far above human calculation. But come, thank providence, and not me. To survive, at the end of two months, when most of the small parcel of our comrades were dead, or dying about us, with cold and hunger, is no common escape.

Henry. And then, in a desperate hope, to launch our shattered boat, in quest of an inhabited country, and to toss about for two months more, till, benumbed and perishing, we were discovered by the native and friendly Indians. All this, Stedfast, was indeed a stout trial.

Sted. Then away with trifling fears, now. Since our deliverance we have changed our ground daily, on our return to England. The time, the distance—your letters—theirs—all may have miscarried.

Henry. May it prove so! but let me hasten to my father's, and clear my doubts.

Sted. Stay, stay, stay! you know it was at my request you came to this hotel: now, pray, at my request, let me wait on lord Duberly, to prepare him for your appearance.

Henry. But for what purpose?

Sted. A very evident one. The wreck of our ship has doubtless, long been public in London: and as the crew and passengers are probably all supposed to have perished, your abrupt entrance at your father's might be too much for him.

Henry. You are perfectly right. In the moment when our passions are afloat, how beneficial is the cool judgment of a friend, to direct us? but shouldn't I give you a line of introduction to my father?

Sted. Umph! why, according to usual form, indeed: but I was never good at forms; and in this case, it may be better to let me introduce myself, in my own way. I hope lord Duberly is no stickler for ceremonies.

Henry. He has the manliest virtue, and the warmest heart in the world, my friend : but I confess to those who are unacquainted with him, these qualities at first, are a little concealed, by a coldness in manner that——

Sted. Oh, I understand ; a little stately or so.

Henry. Only a little of the *vielle cour* about him. A long habit of haranging in parliament gives a man a kind of dignity of deportment, and an elevation of style, not met with every day, you know. But gentleman, is written legibly on his brow—erudition shines through every polished period of his language—and he is the best of men and fathers, believe me.

Sted. Aye, aye ! I see, I see !—grand and stiff, but of sterling value, like an old-fashioned silver candlestick. Well, I'll soon bring you an account of my embassy.

Henry. And, while you are at my father's, I will walk to Mr. Dormer's. My suspense about Caroline, is intolerable. I must see the good old gentleman, and he will break my arrival to his daughter.

Sted. Meet me, then, here, in a couple of hours.

Henry. Be it so. A thousand thanks, my dear Stedfast.

Sted. A thousand fiddlesticks ! I hate to be thanked a thousand times, for a trifle. I know 'tis the language of the day, but modern complimentary cant is the coinage of dishonesty—for the profession exceeds the feeling—and nine men in ten, who give it under their hands that they are your devoted humble servants, pledge themselves to you for much more than they ever mean to perform. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S House.*

LADY DUBERLY and DR. PANGLOSS discovered.

Lady D. And how does my lord come on with his learning, doctor ?

Pang. Apt, very apt, indeed, for nis age. Defective in nothing now, but words, phrases, and grammar.

Lady D. I wish you could learn him to follow my example, and be a little genteel ; but there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they say.

Pang. Time may do much. But, as to my lord, every body hasn't your ladyship's exquisite elegance. "My soul, a lie." Shakspeare. Hem!

Lady D. A mighty pretty spoken man;—and you are made tutor, I'm told, doctor, to my Dicky? [*aside.*]

Pang. That honor has accrued to your obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss. I have now the felicity of superintending your ladyship's Dicky.

Lady D. I must not have my son thwarted, doctor; for when he has his way in every thing, he's the sweetest temper'd youth in Christendom.

Pang. An extraordinary instance of mildness!

Lady D. Oh, as mild as mother's milk, I assure you. And what is he to learn, doctor?

Pang. Our readings will be various, logic, ethics, and mathematics; history, foreign and domestic; geography, ancient and modern; voyages and travels; antiquities, British and foreign; natural history; natural and moral philosophy; classics; arts and sciences; belles lettres, and miscellanies.

Lady D. Bless me! 'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy.

Pang. "A little learning——"

Lady D. Little? A load!

Pang. "Is a dangerous thing." Pope. Hem!

Lady D. And you have left out the main article

Pang. What may your ladyship mean?

Lady D. Mean! why, dancing, to be sure.

Pang. Dancing? Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, teach to dance?

Lady D. Between whiles, you might give Dick a lesson or two in the hall:—as my lord's valet plays on the kit, it will be quite handy to have you both in the house, you know.

Pang. This is a damn'd barbarous old woman. (*aside.*) With submission to your ladyship, my business is with the head, and not the heels of my pupil.

Lady D. Fiddle faddle—lady Betty tells me that the heads of young men of fashion, now-a-days, are by no means overloaded. They are all left to the barber and dentist.

Pang. 'Twould be daring to dispute so self-evident an axiom. But, if your ladyship——

Lady D. Look ye, doctor, —he must learn to dance and jabber French; and I wouldn't give a brass farden for any thing else. I know what's elegance;—and you'll find the grey mare the better horse, in this house, I promise you.

Pang. Her ladyship is paramount. "*Dux famina facti.*" Virgil. Hem! (*aside*).

Lady D. What's your pay here, Mr. Tutorer?

Pang. Three hundred pounds per annum:—that is—six—no, three—no—ay—no matter:—the rest is between me and Mr. Dowlas. (*aside*.)

Lady D. Do as I direct you in private, and, to prevent words, I'll double it.

Pang. Double it! what, again! nine hundred per annum! (*aside*.) I'll take it, "your hand; a covenant."—Shakspeare. Hem! zounds, I've got beyond the reading, at last!

"I've often wished that I had, clear,
For life"—

[*Lord D. speaks without*

I hear, my lord—

"Nine hundred pounds a year."

Swift. Hem!

Enter lord DUBERLY and DICK DOWLAS, R.

Lord D. Come along, Dick! here he is again, my lady. Twist, the tailor, happen'd to come in promiscuously, as I may say, and——

Pang. Accidentally, my lord, would be better.

Lord D. Ay, accidentally;—with a suit of my lord Dock-tail's under his arm:—and, as we was in a bit of a rumpus to rig out Dick, why——

Pang. Dress, not rig—unless metaphorically.

Lord D. Well—to dress out—why, we—hump! doctor, don't bother, in short, we popp'd Dick into 'em; and, Twist says, they hit to a hair.

Dick. Yes, they are quite the dandy; aren't they, mother?—this is all the go, they say; cut straight, that's the thing:—square waist—wrap over the knee, and all that. Slouch is the word, now, you know.

Lady D. Exceeding genteel, I declare ! turn about, Dick ; they don't pitch, do they ?

Dick. Oh no ! just as if I'd been measured.

Lord D. Pitch ? lord love you, my lady, they sit like a sack. But why don't you stand up ? the boy rolls about like a porpus in a storm.

Dick. That's the fashion, father ! that's modern ease. Young Vats, the beau brewer, from the borough, brought it down, last Christmas, to Castleton. A young fellow is nothing, now, without the Bond street roll, a tooth-pick between his teeth, and his knuckles cramm'd into his coat pocket. Then, away you go, lounging lazily along---ah, Tom!---what. Will rolling away, you see ! how are you, Jack ?---what, my little Dolly !---that's the way, isn't it, mother ?

Lady D. The very air and grace of our young nobility !

Lord D. Is it ? grace must have got plaguy limber, and lopt, of late, there's the last lord Duberly's father, done in our dining room, with a wig as wide as a wash tub, and stuck up as stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip tops, too, in his time, they tell me ; he carried a gold stick before George the first.

Lady D. Yes ; and looks, for all the world, as straight as if he had swallowed it.

Lord D. No matter for that, my lady. What signifies dignity without its crackeristick. A man should know how to bemean himself, when he is as rich as Pluto.

Pang. Plutus, if you please, my lord. Pluto, no doubt, has disciples, and followers of fashion ; but Plutus is the ruler of riches :---*Δημιότηης μὲν Πλῦτον ἐγγέλαιτο.*" Hesiod. Hem !

Lord D. There, Dick ! d'ye hear how the tutorer talks ? odd rabbit, he can ladle you out Latin by the quart ; and grunts Greek like a pig. I've gin him three hundred a year, and settled all he's to larn you. Ha'n't I, doctor ?

Pang. Certainly, my lord. "Thrice to thine---"

Dick. Yes, we know all about that. Don't we, doctor ?

Pang. Decidedly,---"and thrice to thine---"

Lady D. Aye, aye ; clearly understood. Isn't it, doctor ?

Pang. Undoubtedly---"And thrice again to make up nine." Shakspeare. Hem ! [*these three quotations aside.*]

Enter JOHN, R.

John. A card, my lord. The gentleman waits in the eating room, and wishes to see your lordship on particular business.

[gives a card.]

Lord D. Muster Stedfast! never heard of the name. Curse me, my lad, tell him I'll be with him in the twinkling of a bed-post.

[Exit JOHN, R.]

Lady D. I shall go with your lordship through the gallery; for I must dress to attend lady Betty.

Lord D. Come along, then, my lady. Dick, go with the tutorer; he'll give you a lesson in my library. Plenty of larning there, I promise you. I was at it all of a row, this here very morning. There's all Horace's operas, doctor; and such a sight of French books! but I see by the backs they are all written by Tom. Come along, my lady.

[Exeunt LORD and LADY DUBERLY, L.]

Pang. On what subject, Mr. Dowlas, shall we commence our researches this evening?

Dick. Tell 'em to light up the billiard room, we'll knock about the balls a little.

Pang. Knock about the balls! an admirable entrance upon a course of studies!

Dick. Do you know anything of the game?

Pang. I know how to pocket, young gentleman?

Dick. So do most tutors, doctor.

Pang. If I could but persuade you to peep into a classic—

Dick. Peep! why, you prig of a fellow, don't I pay you because I won't peep? talk of this again, and I'm off in our contract.

Pang. Are you? I'm dumb—"Mammon leads me on."
Milton. Hem! I follow.

[Exeunt L.]

SCENE III.—*Another apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S house.*

Enter STEDFAST, L.

Sted. A noble house, faith! and bespeaks some of that stately dignity in the owner, which my friend Harry hinted to me. His lordship, I warrant, is as stiff as buckram; with a pompous display of language, that puzzles a man to keep pace with.

Enter JOHN, R.

John. My lord's compliments, sir; and he'll be with you in the twinkling of a bed-post. *[Exit, R.]*

Sted. Zounds! that's the oddest phrase for a fine spoken peer, I ever met with. The ignorance of the servant, I suppose. Those blockheads never know how to deliver a message. Oh, here he comes.

Enter LORD DUBERLY, R.

Your lordship's most obedient servant. *[bows.]*

Lord D. (bowing vulgarly.) Sir, you're kindly welcome.

Sted. Kindly welcome! condescending, at least; but not quite so dignified as I expected. *(aside.)* I am a rough traveler, my lord, ungifted with your lordship's flow of diction; and having real business, I trust, that, without further preface, I may plead my apology.

Lord D. Aye, aye, business is business: and fine words, you know, butter no parsnips.

Sted. Butter no parsnips! why, he's sneering at my plainness: or I have mistaken the person—or—*(aside.)*—I have the honor, I think, of addressing lord Duberly?

Lord D. To be sure you have, as sure as eggs is eggs. Come, take a chair, muster. Mayhap you may choose a morsel of summat?

Sted. Not anything; I——

Lord D. Don't say no. A drop of wine now, or a sneaker of punch, or——

Sted. Nothing, my lord. I am thunderstruck? *[aside:]*

Lord D. Well, now then for this here bit of business.

Sted. I have some fears, my lord, that I might be too abrupt in the disclosure; but since this introduction——

Lord D. Oh rot it! I was never for long rigmaroles, not I. An honest man's meaning needs no flourishes. Honesty is like a good piece of English roast beef, Muster Stedfast; it lacks little garnish, and the more plainer, the more palatable. That's my sentiment.

Sted. I admire your sentiment, my lord, but I can't say much for your language, *(aside.)*—I must inform your lordship that no great length of time has elapsed since I left—do not be agitated—Quebec, in America.

Lord D. A Yankee Doodle, mayhap?

Sted. A Yankee Doo—I am not an American, my lord.
[*Rises.*]

Lord D. No offence to you; but seeing you have got a tawneyish tinge, (*rises*), I thought you might be a little outlandish.

Sted. I shall ever be proud, my lord, in being able to say that I am an Englishman; but I should suppose any person recently arriving from the country I have named, must sensibly interest your feelings.

Lord D. Interest my—why, what's he at? if I seem not to understand, now, I shall make some plaguy hole in my manners, I warrant. (*Aside.*)

Sted. I perceive by your silence, that your lordship is affected. A person in your situation, cannot naturally be otherwise.

Lord D. Then it's the fashion, I find, for a peer to be in a pucker when anybody comes from Quebec, in America.
[*Aside.*]

Sted. Pray, inform me, my lord, have you received any letter from your son, since he wrote to advise you that he had finished the business which induced you to send him from home, and that he was immediately preparing to meet you in London?

Lord D. Since that? No, to be sure. Why, lord love you, he set out directly a'ter it on purpose to come.

Sted. And your lordship has heard no news from any of his fellow-passengers?

Lord D. Fellow-passengers! No, not I—neither inside nor out.

Sted. Inside nor out! 'tis plain, however, that we are all supposed to have gone to the bottom.—(*Aside.*) Know then, my lord, I was his fellow-passenger.

Lord D. Was you? You are just come up, then, it seems.

Sted. Come up! this is an easy way of talking to a man supposed to be drowned. (*Aside.*) I am here, you see, my lord; but providence be'praised, it was never my fate to go down.

Lord D. Well, well, that's no matter of mine. Your fate may have laid another way, to be sure, as you say.

Sted. Another way! zounds, he can't dare to insinuate

that I was born to be hang'd. He appears the most ignorant, unfeeling---(*aside.*) Here me, my lord,---has your son ever been dear to you?

Lord D. Plaguy dear, indeed, Muster Stedfast. Only ax Dr. Pangloss.

Sted. An intimate, I suppose, to whom your lordship has unburthened your mind, in private.

Lord D. Yes: he mends my cakelology every morning; and is, moreover, a great philosopher.

Sted. On such an occasion a father might well call in philosophy to his assistance.

Lord D. I hired him o' purpose.

Sted. Hired him! hired a philosopher to console him for the death of his son! delicacy is superfluous here, I see. (*aside.*) In short, my lord, I come to inform you, that your son, lost as he has been to the world, has newly and unexpectedly entered into life.

Lord D. Well, and what then?

Sted. What then!--The brutal apathy in this post of a peer, makes me ready to beat him. (*aside.*) Why, then he has this day arrived in town; here, in this very metropolis.

Lord D. Why, what signifies a cock and a bull story about what I know already?

Sted. Know it! it must then be by inspiration. By what supernatural sign have you discovered his arrival?

Lord D. What sign? Why damme, a Blue Boar.

Sted. My lord, my lord! ignorance,---little, indeed, from the account I received from a blindly affectionate youth, did I expect to find it here;---ignorance may palliate meanness and buffoonery, and merely meet contempt; but want of feelings excite indignation. You have shock'd me, and I leave you. From exalted rank, like yours, my lord, men look for exalted virtue; and, when these are coupled, they command respect, and grace each other: but the coronet, which gives and receives splendor, when fixed on the brow of merit, glitters on the worthless head, like a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhumanity conspicuous.

[*Exit, L.*

Lord D. That there chap's mad. He has put me all of a twitter. If my lady had happen'd to be here, I'm sure she'd have perspired with fear. John?

Enter JOHN, R.

John. My lord.

Lord D. Has the porter let out that there man?

John. Yes, my lord.

Lord D. Never let him clap his damned ugly mug into these doors again. He's as mad as any poor soul under a state of lunacy. Shut the doors, d'ye hear? (*Exit, JOHN, L.*) Odd rabbit it! if peers are to be frightened into this here fashion, I'd rather serve soap and candles again in comfort, at Gosport. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE IV.—*Another apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S house.*

Enter DICK DOWLAS and ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, L.

Dick. Well, but at this unreasonable time, to—

Zek. I couldn't help it, Dick.

Dick. 'Tisn't the fashion to pay a visit, at this time in the evening. Who let you in?

Zek. Why, a fat man in the hall, that popp'd out of a leather chair, that comes all over his head like a tub.

Dick. The porter, I suppose.

Zek. Belike it was. He has tassels a top of his shoulders; and a sight of binding, that looks like parsley and butter, about his waistcoat.

Dick. But why did you come now?

Zek. Why, I do tell ye, I was uneasy about ye, Dick. I couldn't ha' staid away, if I was to be hang'd for't. You did promise to meet us, this a'ternoon.

Dick. I have been prevented. We young fellows of fashion can't answer for our hours.

Zek. Ah, Dick, London fashions and friendship, I do fear do seldom long go cheek by jowl. I ha' just left Cicely at the place.

Dick. Well, and what of her, Zekiel?

Zek. Poor soul! she ha' been sobbing ready to burst her heart.

Dick. Cicely in tears!—for what?

Zek. All along o' you, man. You did promise to come; and she do tell me, she ne'er know'd you break your word

ill you were made a gentleman. I said all I could think of to comfort her.

Dick. Well, and what did you say?

Zek. Why, I told her that you had always dealt fair and open with her till now; and, if you could be honest to her when you were a lawyer, there might be some hope of your being so now, even though you be made an honorable.

Dick. Well, well, I shall see her to-morrow, and see you, too, Zekiel; and settle some plan for her, and—

Zek. Plan! why the plan be settled already, you do know. She be in a place, and—

Dick. Pshaw! in place will never do. I have a liking for her, you know: and when—

Zek. A liking?

Dick. Yes, that's a love, you know; and a regard for you, Zekiel; and—in short, a girl on whom lord Duberly's son has fixed his affections, must not remain in service; it would disgrace one of *us*.

Zek. It can't disgrace one of *us*, Dick. A good girl, who has lost her parent's support, and do get her bread in honest industry, be a pride, instead of a disgrace, to any that loves her, you do know.

Dick. I didn't mean that—I—

Zek. No, no: bless you, 'twere only your good will run away wi' you. You do wish us well, Dick—you do wish to serve us, and overshot yourself a little in what you said, that be all.

Dick. Why, look ye, Zekiel. You are a well-meaning lad—

Zek. Aye, and so be you, Dick. I were getting a bit stiffish wi' you at the Blue Boar. I did think sudden pride were going to turn you topsy-turvy. I was angry at myself afterwards; but I do beg your pardon—heartily, my good friend, faith, heartily.

Dick. Nay, hear me; 'tis fit we should understand one another; which we do not seem to do, at present.

Zek. Don't us, ecod! I should be grieved at that, Dick.

Dick. Listen to me; my situation, you see, is much altered.

Zek. Woundily, indeed! here be a house! and what a brave coat you ha' gotten on, Dick!

Dick. No matter: but, there are situations in the world,

Zekiel, that do not always tally. Chance may remove one man so far from another, in the rank of life, that, though their good will may continue the same, custom requires that they should not live exactly—mind, I say, not *exactly*, on the same footing.

Zek. I see what you be driving at, Dick: I see it; I did fear it all along. Well, well, I—I do know, I ben't company for a lord's son; but when a lord was once a chandler, I thought, indeed—no matter. Bless thee, Dick; I shall always wish thee well!

Dick. Nay, nay, I don't mean that we should separate. On the contrary, I wish we may be closer in friendship than ever.

Zek. Ah, Dick! I have loved thee—I'd ha' parted with my last farthing to—no matter.

Dick. There is no occasion to take it in this manner. We may both be rich—both happy, Zekiel: but you know how impossible it is for the son of a peer to marry your sister.

Zek. Aye, aye, I do see it; it be all over!

Dick. No reason for that on earth; for, though the world places a distance between Cis and me, as to matrimony, yet it makes an allowance for everything else.

Zek. I don't understand ye, Dick.

Dick. Why, my rank not permitting the usual forms between us, which my regard for her happiness makes me wish could take place, all I can now do, is to raise her from future fear of poverty; and we may be man and wife in everything but the ceremony.

Zek. Oh! now I understand ye. You be a rascal. Odds flesh! I shall choke. A damned rascal! keep out o' my way, or I may do you a mischief.

Dick. Nay, but—

Zek. Dick, Dick! had a stranger done this, I'd ha' knocked him down; but for a dear friend to turn traitor—*(bursts into tears,)* damme, it's too much, I can't stand it!

Dick. Well, but only hear me—

Zek. I ha' heard too much already. Rot it! I be ashamed to be such a blubberer: but the greatest shame do light upon you.

Dick. *(abashed.)* I begin to feel that it does, Zekiel.

Zek. And well you may. If it be the part of a lord's son to stab his friend to the heart, by robbing his sister of her

honesty, much good may it do you wi' your grandeur. But let me tell your grandeur this, Mr. Dowlas; you do know som'at (little enow to be sure) of the law; and the law of the land do make no difference 'twixt a peer and a ploughman. If you dare to hurt Cicely, the law shall lay you flat. In the first place, and my ploughman's fist, in the second: and so, my service to you! [Exit L.

Dick. My heart upbraids me. I have wounded at one blow, an honest man, and an innocent girl, whom reason and inclination tell me to love. Now, am I so mere a beginner, that whether this is, or is not fashion, curse me if I know: but I have been told it is. I must go deeper into its mysteries, or abstain from it altogether; and I feel so much pain already, that in the same career of fashion, where feeling they say is banished, I shall make a very awkward figure. [Exit, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CAROLINE'S lodgings.

ZEKIEL and CICELY HOMESPUN *discovered, seated. CICELY crying, and leaning on ZEKIEL.*

Zek. Do ye, do ye cheer up a bit, sister Cicely! don't ye take on so; don't ye now!

Cic. Oh, Zekiel! for certain my poor heart will break.

Zek. Don't ye say so, Cicely; for that would go nigh to break mine.

Cic. I never will give ear to a lovyer's vows again as long as I do breathe.

Zek. Aye, that be what all the girls do say, over and over.

Cic. A base perjury man!

Zek. That he be. He ha' stung me to the quick. viper! and to offer to abuse *you*—damn him. [*Rises.*]

Cic. Oh, don't you say that of him, Zekiel. I can't bear that though he ha' been so cruel to me.

Zek. Then pluck up a bit of spirit, now; pray you, do. You ha' gotten a good place, you do know: and things will go well enough, I warrant us. How dost like madam, eh, Cicely?

Cic. Purely! she is so tender and kind to me, Zekiel. Heigho!

Zek. Come, dry your eyes, now, Cicely. I be main glad to hear madam be so good to you. What did you do, after I left you, last night?

Cic. Why, I was but poorly, Zekiel. I had been crying, you know.

Zek. Yes, yes; but don't ye cry any more, Cicely.

Cic. And when madam Caroline saw it, she was so kind and so comfortable to me!

Zek. Was she? good soul!

Cic. And she bid me go to rest, and spoke as sweet, and took as much care of me—as poor mother used to do.

Zek. Bless her for it. If I ever be able to make a return, I'll—

Cic. Dear, I hear her in the next room! she is up; and if she should catch us here—there now.

Enter CAROLINE.

Car. Cicely, child—I thought you had not risen. I didn't wish you to attend, if you are unwell, my poor girl.

Cic. Thank you, madam.

Zek. Thank you, very kindly, madam.

Car. Oh, your brother, I see.

Zek. At your humble service, madam. I made bold to call to see how sister were; and to make my humble duty to you, madam. Cicely do tell me you ha' been main kind to her. We be poor, madam, but I do hope you will be pleased to take our thanks, without offence.

Car. Offence! honest friend. To merit and receive the thanks of the poor is one of the heart's best gratification.

Zek. She be main good-natured, indeed! I—I—had a little bit of a favor to ask, madam.

Car. What is it, friend?

Zek. Why, here be a scrap of paper, here; it were poor father's. If you would be pleased to tell me, if it be worth anything, now it be so old. [*Giving it.*]

Car. It is worth enquiring after. 'Tis an old lottery ticket. [*Returning it.*]

Zek. Pshaw—then it be of little good. Father had no luck that way; but, for all mother could say, he was always a dabbling, and 'a dabbling. I'll seek about it at shop, tho'. I do wish you a dutiful good morning, madam

Car. A good day, friend.

Zek. (*apart to Cicely*) Pluck up a spirit, do you now, Cicely? Gi' me a buss. There, now let that comfort ye a bit. I'll call by and bye. A good day to you, madam. [*Exit, L.*]

Car. You do not look recovered yet, Cicely.

Cic. I shall be better in time, if you please, madam.

Car. Come, child, you must not give way to low spirits. Your situation is new to you, indeed: but this fickle world is full of changes, Cicely.

Cic. (*crying*) Oh, dear me—sure enough, this world is full of fickleness and change.

Car. Well, but do not cry thus, child.

Cic. I *must* cry, if you please, madam: I can't help it indeed, I can't.

Car. Poor girl!—does any thing press heavily on your mind, Cicely?

Cic. Ye—yes, madam.

Car. What is it? is it in my ability to relieve you?

Cic. Oh, no, madam. 'Tis quite out of your power to give me what I have lost.

Car. Lost child! have you lost any thing since you came to London?

Cic. Yes, madam.

Car. Your clothes? or a parcel? or—

Cic. No, madam.

Car. What then, child?

Cic. A young man, madam.

Car. Lost a young man, Cicely?

Cic. He was once the truest hearted youth! lawyer Latitat's clerk, of our town, if you please, madam. We were to be married—brother was agreeable to it—and now

he has basely left me: and all because he has grown rich and great.

Car. What, since last night! that is somewhat sudden, indeed!

Cic. Ay, I should as soon have look'd to be queen, as to think my Dick would be made a lord's son.

Car. Made a lord's son! how, Cicely?

Cic. I don't know how they make lord's sons, madam: but his father has had good fortune, by a death; and so Dick is now son to lord Duberly.

Car. Lord Duberly! good heavens! how that name agitates me!—the—the present Lord Duberly, you mean, Cicely?

Cic. Yes, if you please, madam. The last lord—Zekiel heard it all from the porter—the last lord's son was drowned at sea, they say. Perhaps you have heard on't, madam?

Car. (*agitated.*) I have, I have, indeed, Cicely.

Cic. Oh, dear! arn't you well, madam?

Car. Yes—I—I—'tis nothing Cicely. And so your lever, my poor wench, has deserted you.

Cic. Oh, worse than that, madam. Brother is almost out of his wits about it: for he said—a base, cruel man!—he would make my fortune, by ruining me.

Car. Poor simplicity! dry up your tears, my good girl: and rather rejoice that you have escaped the snares of a profligate. You shall not want protection while I can give it you.

Cic. Heaven bless you. You are very, very kind, madam.

Enter KENRICK, hastily, L.

Ken. Och, Miss Caroline!

Car. Well, Kenrick.

Ken. Och, why didn't I die before I was born to see this ill-looking day.

Car. Why, what's the matter?

Ken. The matter, and hav'nt I trotted into Lombard street to get your draught turned into money?

Car. To be sure; there lies the little which I now possess, Kenrick.

Ken. Faith, and it lies there, like my ould uncle Dennis

in Carrickfergus churchyard; for we shall never see it again, as long as we live.

Car. Good heavens, you alarm me!—surely the house has not failed?

Ken. No, faith; the house stands plump and upright, just where it did; but the ould thief of a banker hasn't a shilling left to cross his rogue's hand with.

Car. Broke!

Ken. By my soul, all to shivers; and so bad, they say, that all the devil's can't mend him.

Car. Then, indeed, I am completely ruined!

Cic. (running up to her.) No, don't you say so, madam.

[CAROLINE sinks on a chair.

Ken. Don't grieve, my sweet Caroline, don't grieve. Och, the devil, my ould heart is as full as a basket of eggs. Pray now, keep a good spirit; for you have lost every farthing you have in the world.

Cic. Oh, the gracious! is that it? pray, if you please, madam, don't take on so, then, for I have money.

Car. What! have you money?

Cic. Aye, that I have; and, while I have ten good pounds that poor mother left me, in my box, and a silver watch, it shall never be said that I kept it from one in distress who has been so kind to me.

Ken. Bless your pretty little soul! what a pity it is now that a generous heart hasn't always a heavy purse to keep company.

Car. My poor girl, your grateful attachment touches me. I must retire and think of—do not follow me, Cicely. I must consult on measures to—Oh, Providence, for what misery am I ordained?

[Exit, R.

Ken. Oh, oh, oh!

Cic. Dear, I hope I haven't given madam offence by what I said.

Ken. No, my sweet one! you're a little cherubim in a mob cap. What will I do now? Faith, I haven't a brother, nor a nephew, nor a cousin german, nor a father, nor any little bit of a kinsman left, to assist in this botheration. Come, little one—there's my watch, and my buckles, and my—by my soul, I'd pledge *myself*, if the pawnbroker would lend me anything upon me.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE II.—*The street.*

Enter DICK DOWLAS and DR. PANGLOSS, L.

Dick. It don't signify, doctor; I can't rest till I have seen Cicely.

Pang. What's a tutor's power over a pupil in love annihilated. True, though trite, that "*Omnia vincit amor*." Ovid. Hem! is she pretty?

Dick. What's that to you?

Pang. Nothing. I'm dead to the fascinations of beauty since that unguarded day of dalliance, when, being full of Bacchus. "*Bacchi plenus*." Horace. Hem! my pocket was picked of a metal watch, at the sign of the Spectre, Shoe-lane.

Dick. This is the house; I've told you my story, and you value my three hundred pound a year, doctor, be ready to assist me, either by message or letter, or—but what damned gig you look like.

Pang. A gig! umph; that's an Eton phrase: the Westminster call it *vuiz*.

Dick. And you are the greatest, sure, that ever was dispatched on love's embassies, from the court of Cupid.

Pang. I'm not proud of the post. Take my counsel and drop the pursuit. "Refrain, desist, *desine*." Terence. Hem!

Dick. Why, look ye, doctor; I've done an injury to two worthy souls, and I can't rest till I have made reparation. We are all of us wrong at times, doctor; but, a man double his ill conduct, when he is too proud to make an apology for it.

Pang. Yes, confessing our faults, Mr. Dowlas—

Dick. It's only saying, in other words, doctor, "that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday."

Pang. Swift. Hem! plenty of precedents, however, for your conduct. "At lover's perjuries, they say—"

Dick. Well, what do they say?

Pang. "They say Jove laughs." Shakspeare. Her Phaon left Sappho; Theseus, Ariadne; Demophoon, Phyllis: Æneas, Dido,—

Dick. Oh, damn Dido!

Pang. Damn Dido! well, damn Dido! with all my heart.

She was the daughter to king Belus, of Tyre; but as very
verago——

Dick. Well, we need not go far for examples. Now,
knock at that door.

Pang. Double?

Dick. Zounds! no; you'll spoil all. A sneaking, single
knock, like a dun, doctor.

Pang. Like a dun? I know the knock well, Mr.
Dowlas.

Dick. And when 'tis given, get out of the way for a
while.

Pang. My constant custom, on such an occasion.
(*knocks at the door.*) There's the thorough thump of a
creditor. "I never heard it but I run away upon instinct."
Shakespeare. Hem!

[*Exit R. U. E.*]

Enter CICELY at the door.—*DICK is with his back
towards her.*

Cic. Dear! Sure somebody knocked. I see nobody but
a gentleman, neither. It could not be he; for, if foot-
men thump so loud, for certain your gentlefolks must
always beat the door down. Was it you that knocked,
sir, ray, sir? (*DICK turns round, and CICELY screams.*) Don't
come near me!

Dick. My dear Cicely, I——

Cic. Oh, Dick! Dick! [*Cries and falls in his arms.*]

Dick. I cannot bear this. Your tears go to my very
soul, Cicely.

Cic. 'Tis you have been the cause of them. You have
most cut my poor heart in two.

Dick. My own suffers for it, sufficiently, believe me.

Cic. How could you be so barbarous to me? but, in-
deed, indeed I forgive you. Your cruelty will cost me
many a tear; but this is the last time I shall ever upbraid
you.

Dick. Oh, I deserve all your reproaches.

Cic. If I had come to fortune, and you had been poor,
Dick, I would have flown to you and cheered you in your
poverty; I would have poured my gold at your feet; I
could have shared all my joys with you, and told you, that
riches could never change my heart.

Dick. And I come, now, to share all mine with you Cicely.

Cic. Oh, no, Dick! my lot is very humble, but I scorn the gold that would buy my honesty. We must never meet more: but indeed, indeed, I do truly wish you to be prosperous, though you sought my ruin. Bless you, Dick, and if ever poor Cicely comes into your mind, think, that she prays to heaven to forgive you, for trying to harm her innocence, whose greatest blessing would have been to make you happy. [Going.]

Dick. Stay—stay, and hear me, I entreat you! I come to sue for pardon; I come in repentance, Cicely.

Cic. And do *you* repent?

Dick. I do, most earnestly.

Cic. That is some comfort to me; for your own heart will be easier, and I shall bear my hard lot better, now for I know your great friends will never let you stoop to one in my station. Ah, times are much changed with us, Dick!

Dick. However changed, they shall not now alter my purpose, Cicely. I have been dazzled, and I have wounded you. I have covered myself, too, with shame and confusion; but if they can make atonement, my fortunes, my heart, and my hand, are all at your service.

Cic. Your hand; I—I shall be able to speak more, soon. Oh, Dick!

Dick. My dear, dear Cicely! I rose strangely to rage, and I shall now, perhaps, in the eyes of the great world strangely support it! for I am afraid, Cis, that half your young fellows of fashion would rather seem wicked than ridiculous; but I shall never, for the future, think that marrying a worthy woman whom chance has placed beneath us in life, can be any disgrace, while seducing her is reckoned, among profligate fops, a matter of triumph. Dry up your tears, Cicely!

Cic. These are not like the tears I shed a while ago. They are tears of joy, Dick! (*Bell rings.*) Hark! I am called.

Dick. One moment! tell me you forgive me.

Cic. Forgive you? oh, Dick! you have made me happy. How this will comfort my poor Zekiel!

Dick. I shall be ashamed to meet him again, Cicely.

Cic. Oh! I will tell him all; and—(*bell rings again.*)—
 Ark! I am called again.

Dick. Adieu! I will see you very, very soon. Fare-
 all.

Cic. Good bye, and—

Dick. (*at D.*) One kiss, and—good bye! [*exit CICELY*]
 at one kiss of lovely virtue is worth a million times more
 than all the blandishments that wealth and luxury can pur-
 chase. Where the devil, now, is the doctor? I am brim-
 full of joy, and I have nobody to communicate my—

Re-enter DR. PANGLOSS, R. U. E.

! you are return'd Embrace me, doctor!

Pang. Embrace you!

Dick. Open wide thy arms, in friendly congratulation,
 and embrace, you prig of a tutor, the happiest fellow in
 Christendom! [*they embrace.*]

Pang. Bless me! why, we're in the middle of the street.
 decorum, Mr. Dowlas—

Dick. Damn decorum! I'm out of my senses.

Pang. Heaven forbid! for, it would be as clear a nine
 hundred pounds a year out of my pocket, as ever man lost
 his life. (*aside*) What's the news?

Dick. The news? why, that I'm going to be married.

Pang. Married! mercy on me! then he is mad, indeed.
"Tribus anticyris caput insanabile." Horace. Hem!
 consider the—

Dick. Pshaw! I have no time to—come, come with me
 to my father's, I'll explain all to him, and—

Pang. Only reflect on—

Dick. Reflect! look ye, you grave mustard-pot of a phi-
 losopher! you shall dance a jig down the street with me,
 to show your sympathy in my happiness.

Pang. A doctor of laws dance a jig, in the open street,
 noon day!

Dick. Foot it. "Over the hills and far away." (*Sing*
g.)

Pang. I wish I were far away, with all my heart.

Dick. Dance—dance! or, damn me, I cut off your three hundred a year in a twinkling.

Pang. Will you! oh then—"a flourish of trumpets." *Shakspeare.* Hem! "Over the hills and far away!"

[*Exeunt, hand in hand, dancing and singing, R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter KENRICK, R.

Ken. To be sure, misfortune isn't a neat touchstone to try friendship upon! faith, now, all my loving friends deserve a decent kicking; and by my soul, I believe they expected it from my hands; for I no sooner said the word *lend*, but they all turned their backs to me. Och, my poor Miss Caroline! what will I do, now your aground, to keep your pretty little chin above water! if we could have kept the brave Mr. Henry Morland's chin above water, now but he's gone: he's gone: and twenty humane societie couldn't bring him back. How my poor ould bones ache and sure the biggest bone about me is in my heart, for that aches more than all the other half of my body. I'll make bold just to rest me a bit at this door. Don't be frightened, good gentlemen within, for I a'nt coming to borrow of you. (*Sitting down on the steps of a door.*) Faith, this step is like my dear friends' hearts; for, by St. Patrick 'tis as co'd and as hard as a hailstone.

Enter HENRY MORLAND *and* STEDFAST, L.

Sted. Nay, nay, be patient, Henry!

Henry. My dear friend, 'tis impossible! the blow is too great. So good, so kind a father, lost! and his death so strangely explain'd to me! indeed, indeed, Stedfast, my spirit is now almost broken.

Ken. I can't see their faces, now; but sure these two must be a rich man, that won't lend, and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress, and t'other stands as cool as a cucumber.

Sted. Come, come, Henry;—the encounter has been a strange one, 'tis true; and the shock sudden. When you entered a father's house, and prepared to leap into a father's arms, to meet that low wretch, who has caused all our mistakes, was, indeed—

Henry. Oh, it distracts me! so many things are floating in my disordered mind, I—

Sted. But 'tis necessary you should be collected now; absolutely necessary. You must do speedy justice to your self:—to the memory of your departed father. How came you not to discover yourself to that lump of ignorance, who has jumped into your inheritance?

Henry. I was staggered. I heard enough from him to unravel all; and 'tis well, perhaps, we withdrew so abruptly. I might have done something rash, at the moment. Oh, Stedfast, I shall sink under it!

Sted. For shame, Henry! fie on this weakness! sink under it! decent sorrow for a near loss is amiable:—and modest nature never looks more lovely than when the filial tear steals gently on the tomb of a parent: but desperate grief outrages manhood and religion: for in the trials which we are all born to undergo, Henry, the man and the christian forgets his duty to Providence, and to himself, when he loses his resignation and his fortitude.

Henry. You are an able and kind counsellor, my friend: I will endeavor to be more firm.

Sted. Come, let us go back to our hotel. You may there compose yourself.

Ken. (*gets up*) So having taken a rest, I'll go home with my bad news, to console poor Miss Caroline.

[*coming forward.*]

Henry. I cannot be mistaken in that face. Kenrick!

Ken. Eh? why sure it can't be! Sure, my old eye's are so bad, that I see what's invisible!

Henry. It is he! (*Running to him.*) Oh, Kenrick, my good old man! tell me!—where, where is my Caroline?

Ken. Och, faith! 'tis himself! 'tis himself! 'tis himself! safe, sound, and dry, without a wet rag about him!

Henry. But inform me, my honest Kenrick, of—

Ken. Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! hubbaboo! och, I'll go wild—I'll go mad! don't spake to me yet, my dear, sweet Mr. Henry!—och, good luck to the day when your honor walked ashore, after you were drowned!

Henry. But tell me, Kenrick, of—

Ken. Yes, I'll tell you—I'll tell you of—och, upon my soul you must wait a bit. I believe I've been drowned myself, for the salt water runs out of my eyes by pails-full.

Sted. Poor fellow! an old servant of Mr. Dormer's I perceive.

Henry. Well now, speak, speak, Kenrick. Only tell me, is Caroline safe?

Ken. Indeed now, and she is.

Henry. Thank Heaven—and in London?

Ken. Yes, in this wide dirty town; and big as it is, there isn't a thirteen to be had, for love nor money, to help her out of her distress.

Henry. Her distress? but I feared it. Let me fly to her, and—you are surely with her still, Kenrick?

Ken. With her! and is it yourself, Mr. Henry, that can ask Kenrick that question!—could I leave my sweet young mistress? or, would I leave any friends in their need, that supported me in their prosperity? Och, the devil fly away with him that would, I say!

Sted. Honest fellow!

Henry. Pardon me, my good Kenrick; I know not what I say. Conduct me to her; and you shall explain all by the way.

Ken. Conduct you! faith, old as I am, I'll go hopping over all the kennels home with you, as nimble as a jackdaw.

Henry. Come then, Stedfast.

Sted. Come, Henry; I'll see you to the door of Miss Dormer, and then I'll leave you; and on this occasion, my dear friend, let me heartily congratulate you. Such an

event as this comes most opportunely, and it may prove to you, Henry, that in this chequered life of joy and sorrow, Providence has ever some balm in store, to pour into the wounds which it inflicts; and that the worst of griefs may be assauged by the pitying Power who chastens us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in LORD DUBERLY'S House.*

Enter LORD and LADY DUBERLY, R.

Lord D. But listen, my lady, to reason.

Lady D. Then I musn't listen to *you*, my lord.

Lord D. Um! why, I've been almost scared out of my even senses. The old madman, who was here last night, rushed in, with another young one with him, this morning. I can't make head nor tail of what he wants, for my part. But as to Dick, my lady, he'll certainly break his heart, if he doesn't marry this here wench.

Lady D. I wonder, my lord, you can think of such a thing!—a peer's son marry a maid-servant?

Lord D. Od rabbit it, my lady, don't be so obstropulous. You know, when his father married you, you was but a clear starcher.

Lady D. That's quite another sort of an affair; and you might have more manners than to mention it now. But as to learning you elegance—ah, we may lead the horse to the water, my lord, but there's no making him drink.

Lord D. Nay, I'm sure, my lady, I didn't mean no disparagement to you; for you was counted on all hands, the best getter up of small linen in our town. Here's the doctor, let's ax his advice in this here business.

Enter DR. PANGLOSS, L.

Pray now, doctor—you must know, we're in a bit of a quandary, doctor.

Pang. Your lordship had better be in an *uncertainty*.

Lord D. Why, lord love you, so I am, mum. Pray didn't you never hear of no great man as was married to a farmer's daughter?

Pang. Walter; a marquis of Lombardy.

✓ *Lord D.* There, my lady—the marquis of Lombardy! that's the place where all the poplars come from. He's a tip-top, I war'n't him. Mayhap you may have lit on him in your visits, my lady?

Lady D. Frequently.

Pang. "'Tis false."—Rowe. Hem! (*aside.*)

Lady D. But you have heard nothing yet of the high tone, my lord.

✓ *Lord D.* High tone! rot it, I have nothing else but the high tone when you're in the house, my lady. And who did he marry, doctor?

Pang. Grizzle; a perfect pattern of patience;—daughter to his tenant, Jacolina; and—"This markis hath here spoused with a ring." Chaucer. Hem!

✓ *Lord D.* There, my lady! what do you think of that? damn it, if the marquis smoused Grizzle, Dick may marry the maid-servant.

Pang. My pupil! zounds, my salary! "*Tremor occupat artus.*" Virgil. Hem! my income totters. (*aside.*)

✓ *Lord D.* And in that there case, doctor, your three hundred a year must go to the mending of my cakelology.

Pang. Yes, but I shall lose—no, nothing; a *lapsus lingue*. One annuity gone with my pupil! then I've only clear, for life, "six hundred——"

Lady D. Doctor—

Pang. "Pounds *v* year." Swift. Hem! Madam?

Lady D. (*apart to PANG.*) You know, doctor, my three hundred stops the moment my son marries.

Pang. What, stop your three:—"Thrice the brande cat has mewed." Shakspeare. Hem! here he comes.

Enter DICK DOWLAS, R.

Dick. Well, father, has my mother made up her mind

✓ *Lord D.* Why, I can't tell, Dick. My lady seems be twixt and betweneish, as a body may say. But, it all depends upon her vardic. [*Dick takes his mother apart.*]

Pang. Does it! Oh, Jupiter, if ever contradiction crept into the bosom of beauteous woman—"Mulier formosa." Horace. Hem!—stuff a double dose into that terrible old woman, and save the fortunes of Peter Pangloss.

✓ *Lady D.* Well, she is only a farmer's daughter, the way. And what's a farmer, my dear?

Dick. Why, an English farmer, mother, is one who supports his family and serves his country, by his own industry. In this land of commerce, mother, such a character will be always respectable.

Lord D. That's right, Dick. Father's own son, to a hair. When I kept my shop at Gosport, I——

Lady D. Hush, my lord. Well, you—you were always my darling, you know, Dick; and I can't find in my heart to give you a denial.

Pang. Can't you!—I wish you could find it in your tongue. Six hundred a year blown away by the breath of that Sybil. (*aside.*)

Dick. That's my good mother! you've made me so happy!—I—zounds, I shall run mad!

Pang. Zounds, and so shall I.

Dick. A thousand thanks, my dear mother! and my dear father, too!—I'll get as drunk to-night as—wish me joy doctor; wish me joy, wish me joy a hundred times.

Pang. A hundred times!—I feel, Mr. Dowlas, on this occasion, *six* hundred times more than I know how to express.

Dick. And, if you would but indulge me now, in letting me conduct you to Cicely----

Lord D. Od rod it, my lady, let's humor Dick for once. The young ones loves to be cooing and building, you know.

Lady D. Why, the coach, I believe, is at the door, my lord.

Lord D. Is it? 'sbobs! then, my lady, let's bundle---
Dick!---come, doctor. Now, you musn't ride me backwards, my lady; for you know, I han't been used to a ooach, and I shall certainly be qualmish if you do. Come, my lady.

[*Exeunt LORD and LADY DUBERLY, L.* X

Dick. Come, doctor, we lose time.

Pang. Time? lose! I've lost as pretty a pair of snug annuities as——let me see---take six from nine——

Dick. Why, doctor?

Pang. "And three remains." Cocker. Hem!

Dick. Come, come---'tis late.

Pang. Only three.

Dick. Only three! why, 'tis only twelve, man; but come,

if you don't attend to my father, better, I can tell you, he'll kick you and your three hundred a year to the devil

Pang. Will he? "O, for a horse with wings!" *Shakespeare.* Hem! I fly, Mr. Dowlas. [Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*Caroline's lodgings.*

CAROLINE and CICELY, R.

Cic. Indeed, I truly hope you are better, madam.

Car. I have little reason to be so, Cicely.

Cic. Oh, but I hope you have! and, if the worst comes to the worst—but, I am almost ashamed to tell you, madam.

Car. Innocence, like yours, my good girl, can know nothing it should fear to reveal.

Cic. Why, I needn't be much afraid, neither: for 'tis what a power of folks, both rich and poor, do all come to at last.

Car. What is that, Cicely?

Cic. Wedlock, madam.

Car. Indeed! this is unexpected, after what you told me this morning.

Cic. Ay, but you know, madam, as to wedlock, and all that, many things fall out between the cup and the lip, as they say.

Car. (*sighing*) 'Tis too true, indeed, Cicely.

Cic. And so my Dick came to our door, madam, 'tis but a little while ago; and his dear eyes were as full of tears! and, you know, that was a pity, madam: for his eyes are so fine, and so blue, 'tis a shame any thing should spoil 'em.

Car. Well, Cicely?

Cic. And so, we soon brought matters to bear, madam.

Car. How, Cicely?

Cic. Why, he look'd so sorry, that it made my heart bleed to see him: and when I love him so dearly, it would be cruel not to marry him, when he ask'd me. Don't you think so, madam?

Car. May you be very, very happy, Cicely! 'tis an ease to my mind, in the midst of my misfortunes, to know that you will be provided for. I was on the point of telling you

that my reduced circumstances would not permit me to keep you with me any longer.

Cic. Oh, dear:—and was you going to be so unkind to me, madam?

Car. Unkind to you, my good girl! Oh, no; it would have touched me sensibly, to have sent forth simplicity like yours unprotected. But, hard necessity! I rejoice, my good Cicely, I rejoice most sincerely in your good fortunes.

Cic. Ah, madam, I should rejoice more at my good fortune, if you would but let me do what I have been thinking on.

Car. What is that, Cicely?

Cic. I hope you won't be angry at what I am going to say, madam.

Car. Oh, impossible;—speak freely.

Cic. Why, you know, madam, Dick's a lord's son; and when I'm his wife, I may do just what I please; for rich folks' wives, I have heard say, do just what they please in London. Now, if you would be so good, when I'm married, as to let me serve you for nothing.

Car. No more—no more. Cicely—I—

Cic. And when my husband gives me any money, if you would be so kind as to borrow it of me, I should be very much obliged to you, indeed, madam.

Car. Oh!—you have overpowered me. (*Falls on Cicely's neck.*) Oh heaven, how pure are all thy creatures endowed with reason, till worldly habits corrupt them!

ZEKIEL, without, R.

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Car. What is that?

Cic. 'Twas brother Zekiel's voice. Sure he can't think to make such a noise here.

Enter ZEKIEL, capering and singing, R.

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol! tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cic. Why. Zekiel—why, you must be crazy sure.

Zek. Zooks, and so I be, sister. Tol, lol de rol, lol.

Cic. Think where you are, brother. There's madam.

Zek. Rabbit it, madam, I do humbly crave pardon: but I be in such a frustration—I ha' got—tol lol de rol, lol;—I ha' got twenty thousand pounds!

Cic. My gracious! twenty thousand pounds!

Zek. Tol, lol de rol, lol!

Cic. But stand still now, brother Zekiel. Where did you get such a sight of money?

Zek. I' the lottery, lass--i' the lottery. Let me take a bit of breath. I do crave pardon, madam;---father's ticket---let me take a bit of---have come a prize of---a bit of breath---of---dear, dear; heaven send this luck do not set my simple brain a madding!

Car. Compose yourself, honest friend.

Zek. I do humbly thank you, madam. I ha' run all the way from lottery office, and---

Cic. Well, and what will you do with all this money, Zekiel?

Zek. What will I do wi' it, sister Cicely? Why, what *should* a man do wi' his riches? I will first provide for such as I do love; and then lend a helping hand to them as be poor about me.

Cic. Dear brother, that's just the thing. Come here, Zekiel. Poor madam has fallen into great trouble.

Zek. Has she? how?

Cic. Why, all her friends are dead, it seems---

Zek. Poor soul!

Cic. And her banker stole all the money she had, this very morning; and---

Zek. Don't ye say any more, sister Cicely. Hum---madam, I---I be main glad to hear you be tumbled into misfortunes, madam.

Car. Glad, friend!

Zek. Main glad, indeed; because you ha' been so kind to sister; and I be able now to return you the favor.

Car. Oh, no more of that, Zekiel: you distress me.

Zek. With submission, madam, I do want to take away your distress. Here, madam, (*pulling out notes*) here be a hundred, and there be a five hundred, and here be a---rabbit it, my hand do shake too much to stand a counting. I will spread 'em all upon the table, here. Take what you do want, and welcome; and thank you too, madam.

[*spreading all on the table in a great flurry.*]

Car. I cannot---I cannot think, friend, of---

Zek. and Cic. Pray ye do, now, madam---pray ye do.

[*bowing and curtseying.*]

Enter LORD and LADY DUBERLY, L.

Car. Bless me! who's this?

Lord D. Beg pardon, ma'am; but the landlady bid us bundle up.

Car. Your commands with me, sir?

Lord D. Why, the whole preamble of this here affair is, that my lady and I—speak to the gentlewoman, my lady.

Lady D. Ah, you have a head, and so has a pin. We made bold to pay our respects, madam, having a little business, concerning a female of your family.

Lord D. Yes, and——

Car. To whom have I the honor of speaking, sir?

Lord D. Why, you have the honor of speaking to lord Duberly, madam.

Zek. What! (*gathers up his notes hastily and comes forward.*)

Car. To lord Duberly?

Lord D. But Dick's coming up, with Dr. Pangloss hard at his heels, and they'll tell you the long and short on't.

Zek. What, Dick Dowlas! then you be the old Chandler they ha' made a lord on?

Lady D. Old Chandler, indeed!

Zek. Look ye, now, my lord soap and candles—

Lady D. Soap and candles!

Zek. Your son had better keep clear o' me, I can tell him that.

Enter DICK DOWLAS and PANGLOSS, L.

Dick. Cicely, let me— [*running towards Cicely.*]

Zek. (*interposing*) Stand off, Mr. Dowlas—stand off. To think to come here to——odd rabbit it, my fingers do itch to be at you. Keep you behind me, sister Cicely.

Dick. My dear Zekiel, I——

Zek. Don't ye *dear* me. I put little trust in fair words with foul actions.

Cic. Dear, now, you are so hasty, Zekiel.

Zek. Hold your peace, Cicely. The best he that wears a head had better be hang'd, than venture to harm you.

Dick. Cicely, I find, has not explain'd. I am here, Zekiel, to make reparation.

Zek. You have stung me to the quick. You do know you have.

Dick. I share with you in all the pain, Zekiel, which I have so wantonly inflicted. My heart smote me, even before you left me; and very little reflection convinced me, that, in the vanity of sudden fortune, I have offered you, and the woman of my heart, a bitter injury. I am thoughtless, Zekiel, but not deliberately base; and, if you can once more take me to your bosom, a guilty, but repented friend—

Zek. Oh, Dick, Dick! (*runs and embraces him*) my dear, my old companion! Ah, Dick! that be a stony bosom that can shut out an old friend, who be truly grieved for his faults, and do sue for mercy. It be more than I can do.

Cic. Dear, I am so happy!

Zek. You have made my heart, many and many a pound the lighter, Dick.

Dick. And my own too, Zekiel. And, to prove my sincerity, my father and mother here, are come with an offer of my hand to Cicely. Father—

✓ *Lord D.* Why, my lady—here is a little upon the grumpy order, for his calling us chandlers. But, for my part, I don't value that not of a button. A man needn't take no affront, to be told he was born low, when he has got better in the world without no dishonesty. There, children, be happy together.

Zek. Why, now, that's hearty. And, as luck be apt to turn wi' us all, why, I ha' now gotten twenty-thousand pounds—

✓ *Lord and Lady D.* How?

Zek. And I warn't sister Cicely shall ha' summut hand some toss'd in at the wedding.

Cic. Aye, all in the lottery. I'll tell you. (*they go apart.*)

Pang. Twenty thousand pounds! (*goes forward to Zekiel.*) Sir, as you will now need a tutor, to usher you into life, three hundred *per annum* are the trifling terms of your obedient servant, Peter Pangloss, L. L. D. and A double S.

Enter KENRICK, R.

Ken. Stand out of the way! he's coming, my dear Miss Caroline! he's coming.

Car. Who, Kenrick?

Ken. 'Tis himself! 'tis himself! he's alive, and leaping up stairs, like a young salmon out of the water.

Car. Who do you mean?

Ken. My dear, young, lost master. 'Tis Mr. Henry himself, madam.

Car. My Henry! oh, support me.

Enter HENRY MORLAND.

Henry. My Caroline! Oh, let me clasp you to my heart, and shelter you there for ever.

[CAROLINE faints in his arms.]

Lord D. Why, zounds! that's the young sucking mad-man, as scared me out of my senses, with the old one, this morning.

Car. (*recovering.*) This is too much; oh, Henry! do we once more meet: and after such—by what miracle have you escaped?

Ken. Be satisfied, ma'am, for he's too much bothered now to talk. But you see he's here, and that's enough. The true, long lost, Mr. Henry Morland.

Lord D. Eh! what? Mr. Henry Morland? why, zounds, the late Lord Duberly's lost *hair*.

Henry. Son and heir to that revered and respectable man, be assured, sir. You have done me the favor to be my *locum tenens*, in my absence, and I am now returned to relieve you from further trouble.

Lord D. Why, what the devil! have I only been a kind of a peer's warming pan, after all; just popped in, to keep his place from getting cold, till he jumped into it?

Henry. Nothing more, believe me. I have witnesses sufficient, should it be necessary, to identify my person in a minute.

Lord D. Od rabbit it, then, old Daniel Dowlas is no longer a lord—

Lady D. Nor Deborah Dowlas a lady—

Dick. Nor Dick Dowlas an honorable—

Pang. Nor Peter Pangloss a tutor. Now, thank heaven!

Lord D. Thank heaven! for what?

Pang. "That I'm not worth a ducat." Otway. Hem!

Zek. Then it do seem at last, Dick, that I be the rich

man, and you be the poor. Od rabbit it, I be glad on't; for I can now please myself wi' serving my friends.

Henry. Who is this, Caroline?

Car. An honest creature, Henry, brother to this simple girl. Their affection to me in my distress, has been most piercing.

Henry. Then it shall not go unrewarded, my Caroline

Zek. Wi' humble submission, sir, kindness to a fellow creature in distress, do reward itself. Thanks to the lottery, we be rich enow. But, as Dick Dowlas be to marry sister Cicely, if you would just lend a helping hand for his father and mother here—

Henry. Oh! rest contented, honest friend; I shall not dispossess them without making a proper provision.

Pang. My lord: hem! if a boy should bless your nuptials, which I conjecture, are about to take place, he will, doubtless, need a tutor. Three hundred *per annum*, are the terms of your lordship's obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss, L. L. D., and A double S.

Henry. You are not one of those, it seems, sir, who lose an appointment for want of an early application.

Pang. The human mind, my lord, naturally looks forward, "*animus prævidit futura.*" Cicera. Hem!

Henry. If I should need such a person, sir, depend upon it, I should be very particular in my choice; for I suspect there are some among those to whom youth is intrusted, who bring the character of tutor into disrepute; and draw ridicule upon a respectable situation, in which many men of learning and probity are placed.

Pang. This man will never do for me. Again must I retire to Milk Alley, and spin my brains for a subsistence. "Pangloss's occupation gone." Shakspeare. Hem!

Henry. In calmer moments, my Caroline, I will explain the circumstance of my preservation; and, when I have paid the mournful tribute due to a much lamented father, let me call you mine, and place you above the reach of future sorrow.

Car. Little sorrow can reach me when you are safe, Henry.

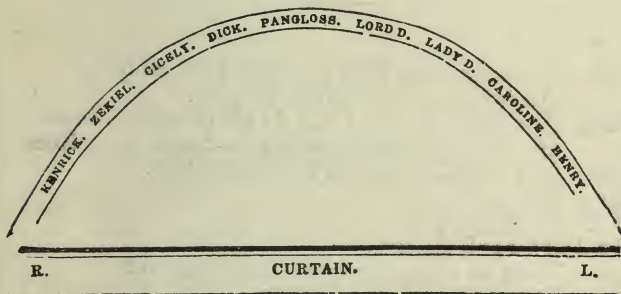
Zek. And we'll get into the country; take a bit farm, and all be as merry as grigs, Dick.

Dick. Agreed, Zekiel. Come, Cicely! I have seen

enough already of splendor to seek for happiness in quieter scenes : and I have learnt, Zekiel, that, in spite of all the allurements which riches or titles may boast, the most solid and valuable possession is a true friend.

THE END.

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Dick. Custom exacts, (and who denies her sway ?)
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Pang. You speak it, then ; and do not mouth it ; **come !**
But " be not too tame neither."—Shakspeare. **Hum.**

Dan. Odd rabbit it, best let these *logs* alone.

Pang. Epi—

Dan. Well, *epilogs*.

Mrs. D. There all the *tone*.

Zek. What be the *epilogue* you be talking on ?

Pang. Επι et Λογος—*vide* Lexicon.

Ken. I'll tell you, honey ; Epilogs, they say,
Are what are always spoke before the play ;
By some good looking gentleman, well drest.

Cic. Oh, then I'm sure my Dick will speak it best.

Henry. To win the town, the epilogue intends,
And, the play over, please our best of friends.

Zek. Please our best friends ? Aye, that be right. I spy
A power here, we fain would please : who'll try ?

Henry. I—

Car. I—

Dan. I—

Mrs. D. I—

Zek. I—

Cic. I—

Dick. I—

Ken. I—

Pang. And I.

Ken. Och, faith, we re of one mind, had we been twenty
'Tis carried—

Pang. *Nemine dissentiente.*

Dick. Thus to begin, then :

If here, some thoughtless youngster may be found,
In fashion's giddy vortex whirling round,
May he, to-night, from Dick's example, see
That honor's real pomp is honesty :
May reformation's pledge his cheek o'ercast ;
The self-accusing blush, for errors past.

Cic. If there's a lass in love,—yes, I've spied her ;
Sitting, quite snug, with that young man beside her
[pointing.

Let her, like Cicely, to this maxim cling ;
Love slights all gold, except a wedding ring.

Dan. Pray, is there ne'er a chandler here ? because,
Old Daniel Dowlas axes his applause.

Mrs. D. Hush—hold your tongue :

Dan. Why, zounds---

Mrs. D. 'Twill never stop,

Dan. I'm only begging custom for the shop.

Henry. While filial duty animates our youth ;
While virtuous passion warms the breast of truth
With qualities like these, to Britons dear
Henry may surely hope for favor here.

Car. And may not *Caroline* applause secure ?
Who, to all these, adds feeling for the poor.

Ken. Och, bother ; you've so many virtues here,
There won't be any left for me, I fear.
Burn him, who leaves (I can't say more nor less)
A patron, friend, or female, in distress.

Zek. Flesh ! gi's your fist---that's hearty now and fair ;
You be of *Zekiel's* kidney to a hair.

Pang. Hem---on my virtues I shall lay no stress :
I'm L. L. D. and A double S.
If any body wants a tutor here,
My terms are just three hundred pounds a year
On their own merits modest men are dumb :
“*Plaudite et valete.*”---Terence. Hum.

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